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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE NO. 2043

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER 23, 1891.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Rally! Ho!

All hands on deck!
All feet on deck!
The winds are blowing,
The waves are flowing,
And the sea is astir to-day.

All hands on deck!
All eyes on deck!
All hands on deck, I say!
The whales are blowing,
The ducks are going,
The mermaids are sportive and gay.

Up, man and maid!
Be not delayed!
Haste to the deck, I pray!
The p-g-rings are waking,
The shuffle-blocks taking
Positions in rival array.

All boys on deck!
All girls on deck!
All hands on deck, I say!
The sky is bright!
Sweet is the light!
Come, all, without delay.

LETTER FROM REV. J. E. WALKER.

DEAR PACIFIC: How fast things move; and how they do keep moving faster and faster! There are still living two persons who crossed the plains on horseback in 1838, Mrs. Mary R. Walker and Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D., while there are many still remaining who came round the "Horn" in sailing vessels or crossed the plains and the Rockies by ox-teams. So, also, there still remain a goodly company of veteran missionaries who first went to China by sailing vessel around the Cape of Good Hope. Twenty odd years ago, when the railroad spanned the continent and steamships began to cross the Pacific, it was a wonderful advance. But now, as I recall my first going out to China, nineteen years ago, on the old side-wheeler *Japan*, when two hundred miles was accounted a fine day's run, and contrast it with my return on the *Empress of India* last July, when we were all disappointed at the low average of only three hundred and thirty-three miles a day, caused this advance to seem quite wonderful. When I came to take the cars the smoothness and speed with which they ran seemed quite in advance even of ten years ago. But people are not contented with all this acceleration, and if we were able to cross the continent in two days men would be trying to devise means whereby it could be done in a day and a half. Acceleration is the mark of this age. Most manifestly God is hastening something in its time.

In Southern China we often see a century plant, which year after year remains only a great bunch of gigantic bayonet-shaped leaves, with an almost imperceptible increase in size. Then some spring it suddenly begins to grow, and in a few weeks' time a stout trunk has shot up fifteen or twenty feet, its top crowded with countless blossoms. So, now, the kingdom of heaven, after ages of seemingly slow growth, is shooting up its branches on every side. Fully eighteen and one-half centuries have past since Christ said: "All authority hath been given me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." God never tells us to try to do a thing, but to do it. His command is a guarantee of success. So Christ tells us not to try to convert, but to convert all the nations, and he prefaces the command with the assurance that all authority is his, and follows it with the promise to be always with us as a double pledge of success. If we have the faith to act, he has the faithfulness to give success. The growth has seemingly been so slow during all the ages past, but all this time Christ has been sitting at the right hand of God, working out the divine plan of him "who will have all men to be saved." If we go to the bamboo groves of China in midwinter, we see few signs of growth; a little later, in the spring, we see great shoots bursting through the soil and shooting up at the rate of two feet or more a day. How marvelous the contrast! But if we dig down into the ground we find there immense beds of roots which for months past had been spreading through the soil and preparing for this sudden growth. "In that winter night there grew much bread." For ages Christ seemed absent from his kingdom; now he is coming back with ever-increasing power and glory, and the manifestation of his "presence" grows brighter and brighter. Jehovah shines upon us from on high.

Twenty years ago this summer there sprang up much excitement and hostility to missionaries among the Chinese in Foochow, Canton, and other parts of Southern China, caused by a widely circulated report that the missionaries were going to poison the wells, either to stupefy the people so that they could be

duped into embracing foreign heresies, or to kill them off in revenge for their rejection of Christianity. Where, how, or by whom this slander was set a-going is not known. Such things are latent all the time among the ignorant; and, occasionally, when conditions favor, they rise and spread from place to place like cholera or "la grippe." In this case the dregs of society were especially active in circulating the lie; but the better classes soon found they were being hoaxed, and then there was a reaction in favor of the missionaries.

For some years past other slanders have been in circulation in various regions where mission work is comparatively new. "Missionaries dug out the eyes, pulled out the teeth, and cut out the vitals of their converts when they died; they kidnapped or bought up children, killed them, and made them into medicine." The efforts of the Roman Catholics to secure children for their founding asylums, and their eagerness to get possession of dying children in order to baptize and bury them, have been misconstrued by the ignorant into a confirmation of these slanders. Furthermore, the Roman Catholics render themselves obnoxious to the officials by the manner in which the priests interfere in law cases; and the members anger the people by the way in which they band together, and help each other in private quarrels. Slander thrives on ill-will; and so once in a while things come to a head, and there is an uprising, connived at or fomented by an angry gentry, or some angry official. And such a thing, once started, is like a fire, there is no telling how far it may spread.

This is substantially the history of the riots in China. A secret society called the Ko-lau fuci (i.e., "The Brotherhood") has been accused of fomenting these riots. This society has been a great scarecrow in Southern China for a few years past. According to the most reliable accounts, it is an organization for mutual help and protection, like the Free Masons or Odd Fellows; but I never could get really reliable information about it, and am not quite sure even of its existence.

I am confident that the late riots will be followed by a reaction in favor of the missionaries. Though, as to the Roman Catholics, their creed commits them to a dictatorial use of the secular power in dealing with the Chinese that will always be exciting ill will. Some of their missionaries have every appearance of being good men.

I should like to know how Dr. Magoun would define the word *law*. In common speech this word is used very loosely. We speak of "the strong arm of the law," when we mean the civil power which lies back of the law and enforces it. So also we speak of the *law* of nature when we mean the forces of nature, and many when they have read "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" have thought "Natural Forces in the Spiritual World." Professor Drummond gives a definition of "law" that excludes this thought. Will not Dr. Magoun first give us a definition of Natural Law, and then show us why there is no place for it in the spiritual world.

J. E. WALKER.

OBERLIN, O., Sept. 7, 1891.

The paragraph in THE PACIFIC of September 9th, which called attention to the fact that the President of two out of the seven societies is a Presbyterian, would convey a wrong impression, unless it were also stated that that President is one and the same person, Dr. W. M. Taylor, and that he is pastor of the Broadway tabernacle in New York and a member of the Manhattan Association, and read a paper at the late London Council in which, having had experience of the merits of both systems, he expressed his convictions of the possibility of an alliance between Presbyterian and Congregational churches to the mutual advantage of both. It may be added that he showed his zeal for one of the societies over which he presides by making, himself, an extended canvass in its behalf. And as to the allusion to Dr. Coe as Senior Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, he remains over an old man from the days of Union, and is only honorary Secretary. We do not believe that as a denomination we have "little to show" for the sums contributed to our societies; but if that be true, let us attribute it to some other reason than the Presbyterian Union, supplied by Drs. Taylor and Coe.

Baron Hirsch does not consider the wholesale expulsion of the Hebrews from Russia as altogether a misfortune. The worst thing that could happen to them would be to continue indefinitely in the miserable quarters heretofore occupied by them. He thinks that their moral and physical condition will be improved by distributing them among different people, where they can enjoy the sights accorded to other human beings.

A SHEAF OF TOPICS.

BY DR. G. M. MAGOUN.

As I am rather apt to slip into matters of solid religious interest, and may in this writing before I get through, let me begin with something else—something Californian, but South Californian.

1. A personal interest in Pomona College makes me glad of every good word THE PACIFIC says for that promising and valuable institution. It is another instance, besides those I gave you lately, of the relation between Iowa and the Pacific Coast, and of the way the one helps the other, that the conductor of the Pomona Conservatory of Music went thither from Iowa College, as did his excellent and accomplished lady. I may say, indeed, that as a member of my family, "this man was born here" into a pronounced Christian experience. His early life was with Roman Catholics. For both of these Pomona teachers I can testify to winning personal character, large modest worth, superior skill and exquisite taste, and moral purposes pure and high. Prof. Brannan has just secured another contribution of value from Grinnell, as Assistant—Miss Cora P. Hall, whose attainments in piano and organ music, and other excellencies, will add largely to the attractions of that center of fruit and education. A carload of oranges and raisins could not repay us for these three teachers!

2. My old friend, the Minnesota historian, Dr. E. D. Neill, corrects my telegraphic authority as to Hon. H. M. Rice. It was another of the same name who was a prayer-meeting goer, and died in one at St. Paul lately. It is intimated, also, that Missionary Boutwell did not make the ecclesiastical change other New Englanders made in his time. That is a small matter compared with the godliness and simplicity of character in which he seemed to me to excel in a plain way. It may have kept him from such a change.

3. Dr. Hannay, the lamented Secretary of the Congregational Union, England and Wales, was another beside Dr. Fairbairn, of those suspected of "Morrisonism" in theological youth. So would any of our New England advocates of general atonement have been. So slow are those old country people in growing up to orthodox new school—i.e., modern Calvinist—ideas! Dr. Hannay was also inflexible against the new departure. He and Dr. Dexter, had they lived to lead the Council, would have had no abuse for Dr. Goodwin, as Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Dale, Dr. Allon, Mr. Rogers and others had none. Though not altogether agreeing with him, they would not approve any who abused him.

4. Another topic editorially started. Dr. Dale's suggestion that even without sin the incarnation would have been necessary to "the consummate union between man and the Son of God," which, otherwise, would have been impossible, is not a new one with him. He opened the way for it sixteen years ago in his "Congregational lecture" on the Atonement. Its basis is in the view there given of the original relation of the Second person of the Trinity to the whole creation, and to our race as a part of it. "Had the race never sinned," he then said, "the race would have been His. By His death he did but recover what he lost. Not the Church, merely, but the human race was created 'for Him.' * * * It is not the atonement of Christ alone, or the revelation which Christ has made to us of the divine love, through which we come to God. * * * His death rendered it possible for us, notwithstanding our sins, to recover our original and ideal relation to God through him." In the London address it is supposed that "even if we had not sinned he would have come to us [in the flesh] in order that we might come to him." It is a mere supposition. It is certainly not necessary that any one else should make it, as I certainly do not, in order to see how Dr. Dale has been led to do so by his previous thinking. Many, as the London *Independent* observed, were not "able to follow Dr. Dale into the high Trinitarian regions whence" come relations to creation underlying atonement and redemption. But, as that journal also said, "the address was truly Congregational in the way in which it blended individual characteristics with universally accepted truth." Such cosmical speculations about the Godhead have never weakened this noble English thinker's sense of the immediate relation of the death of the Incarnate One to the remission of sins, or hindered his robust and annihilating demonstration that an objective divine propitiation by his blood, and not an incarnation or a mere moral influence on us, is our redemption. No one has more logically or scripturally insisted that it was for this very object he came in the flesh. This is the first point in his first lecture, and runs through them all, and Christ's object "was veiled under no metaphor. It was expressed plainly, directly and explicitly. As if to save it from all the

chances and perils which are inseparable from the transmission of thought to remote countries and generations, he connected it with the institution of a new and peculiar sacred rite. * * * His death, not his birth, was to be the great crisis in the history of mankind. His blood was shed for the remission of sins. Other explanations of the necessity of his death may be given; I prefer his own. * * * His death was neither the incidental nor the inevitable consequence of his collision with the passions and prejudices of the Jewish people. (Dr. Bushnell had resuscitated this ancient supposition.) The laying down of his life was a voluntary act, etc."

5. The explicit contradiction of some of these views by Dr. Waldenstrom of Sweden gives piquancy to Dr. Dale's welcome to him in the Council, and remarks since upon the Swedish professor's appearance there as "the most impressive event in the proceedings." These remarks are in Dr. Dale's summing up, just printed in the London *Independent*, and intended as the introduction to the volume of proceedings. Although Dr. W. referred to wide differences in Sweden on the atonement, and the rejection of his own views by the "Evangelical Society" there, the tone of wonder in Dr. Dale's summary of the "Free Churches" movement suggests that he knew as little of those doctrinal differences as we do yet in this country. Dr. W. utterly rejects the atonement, which Dr. Dale powerfully sustains, and holds to nothing but conversion by the direct, immediate application of the blood of Christ to the soul—whatever this may mean. *Man* was propitiated on Calvary, not God. Or, if the gracious President of the Council was aware of all this, he is wonted to the same divergence in some English brethren, or deems the Swedish Congregationalism and contention for the Lord's Supper sufficient to overbalance doctrinal denials. But when our fathers protested against superstitious forms at the Lord's table and the presence of scandalous lives, they did not do so for the sake of a merely subjective atonement, whether at Scrooby, Leyden, or "New Plymouth."

6. Dr. Dale seems to mean Moderate Calvinism by the "left center," and confesses that he early broke away from it; but adds: "I can see that its conception of the infinite greatness of God, and of man's absolute dependence upon him for all righteousness, is necessary to correct some of the tendencies of modern thought and life." His testimony to the correctness of the tendencies of modern thought and life is very strong. "I had supposed that both in this country and in America there is no inconsiderable number of ministers whose theological position is far more remote from the traditional creed than that of any of the English and American speakers." Without question there are such, though their number may poorly compare with the din they have made; and they are equally "remote" from the wholesome doctrine of "Dale on the Atonement"! He thinks it certain, "on the other hand, that in America Calvinism retains an authority which received no sufficient illustration except in the powerful sermon of Dr. Goodwin. * * * For Dr. Goodwin does not stand alone. He is not a man whose theology is tolerated for the sake of his high personal character and his effectiveness in the ministry. He represents a strong section of American Congregationalism. Nor should it be forgotten that the theology of the sermon was the theology which was the glory, the strength, and the solace of Congregationalists in the days of heroism and martyrdom." It would have been a more striking incident in the Council than any that occurred if Wendell Phillips could have taken the floor and set this forth as he did once at a "Free Religion" Conference in Boston, after Dr. O. W. Holmes had led off in abuse of Jonathan Edwards and the great men of his time: "Twelve worth ten years of peaceful life. One glance at that array. One hour of that affray!"

GRINNELL, Sept. 2, 1891.

In his address on the Council, just issued, Dr. R. W. Dale does not agree with some English and American delegates as to "the churches" being culpably in the rear in social movements. The best form of action in relation to labor, poverty, and economic reform is that of Christian men as citizens, in his judgment. It is doubtful if he displaces the gospel with these subjects in his pulpit, as some are said to do. Although he was freely quoted against our American mode of admission to churches by creed and covenant in one of the essays, and the securing of "chapel" property thereunder had long been one of the vexed questions over sea, he simply suggested as an improvement on those papers that "Mr. Green might have been examined by an American chairman on Trust Deeds." This would have brought out much we in the United States know nothing about.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

In the Secretary's report of last week for "Towards this note I applied," etc., read "Towards this will be applied the legacy," etc.

HOME SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR 1891.

MRS. I. E. DWINELL.

As we come to the close of another year, and its opportunities of work are all gone, how rapidly God flashes into our minds questionings as to our stewardship. We have tried to be faithful; have worked hard, and are sorry that we have not accomplished more. (It simplifies our report to know that each auxiliary is reporting for itself.) We cannot always see what we have wrought, and we hope that God has put his seal of commendation on much that has been done. Thus we work on from year to year, hoping for much, seeing very little.

This work that has been done by the Woman's Board of the Pacific and its auxiliaries is the result of eighteen years of patient toil, and it does not seem to me that it will cease until the hosts of heathendom are gathered into the kingdom of our Lord. When we first began this distinctive work for women and girls in heathen lands, I think we were in advance of all other woman's societies in California, except, of course, those that had banded themselves together in the various churches to work for things they needed; even the envelope system had not been introduced into our churches. Often ladies would take our envelopes, with little care as to the purpose for which the money was to be appropriated, only knowing that it was a small sum, and having confidence in those who asked for it. As the years go on, and societies multiply, we still are working for the women and girls of whom Miss Swift of Madura writes, "They are asleep to all comfort, and awake only for their miseries." There are some who do not look at this side of the matter, and are still enquiring, as they know of our yearly offerings, "To what purpose is this waste?" The money is needed so much at home. We do need money, but not the money we send to Spain, to India, to Turkey, to Africa, to Micronesia, or to lighten up the darkness that enshrouds any heathen woman's life. There is plenty of money in California for self-indulgence, for fine houses and handsome equipages; but, alas, for the Lord's work, how little!

A secretary of one of our auxiliaries a short time ago went into a luxurious home where every article of furniture spoke of wealth and comfort. The carpets and draperies were of the richest. The house itself was beautiful, and the lady was lovely, too; but when she was asked to give a small sum for the missionary work in her own church, she immediately began to make excuse—her husband was just establishing himself in business. In short, she talked in such a way that the Secretary for a moment forgot her elegant surroundings, and wondered what would be done for so forlorn a family. Oh, how must the glorified in heaven look upon these excuses, when, as Miss Childs says, the "pathos of the inadequate" in heathen lands appears to them at the same time! We secretaries sometimes see and hear strange things! If the little candy stores near our public school buildings could talk, they might make some revelations of unnecessary expenditures. I was in one of these during recess one day, and was amazed to see the number of children who came in for candy—wondered who they were; connected with our Society, or if they had said, when asked to help us, "We cannot do as we would in this matter—our means are limited." No good cause would go unaided if these and similar indulgences in the homes were checked.

If we could have stood at the side of Mr. Perkins when the word *retrenchment* had burned its way into his heart, and heard those men pleading with him to send them a teacher, and thus give them the bread of life, wouldn't our ideas of relative values change? There are some among us who say, "Leave this work to the American Board and the churches." What is the use of the women undertaking it? There is no conflict between the American Board and the Woman's Board of the Pacific. They endorse us as heartily as we do them, after their

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seventy-five years of work in this line. They welcome us as helpers. They are engaged in general foreign missionary work. We are hastening on the glad day of redemption by working for the women and girls. The women who compose our auxiliaries are not persons of one idea. Many of them are interested in all church work. For general foreign missionary work and home evangelization they, perhaps, give as much as most persons. Our chosen work does not narrow the heart; it broadens it, and makes room for the constantly increasing calls to Christ's service, which are louder and more imperative every year; and this, it seems to me, will continue to be so until we go to give an account of our stewardship at the bar of God.

There are only forty auxiliaries for which our secretaries are responsible since the Southern Branch was formed, which speaks so grandly for herself today. We had made many friends among the secretaries, and felt sorry to miss their letters, yet we are glad they are to have more immediate communication with their own Executive Committee, and it leaves us free to devote more time to other necessary work in our own part of the State. We hail the Southern Branch, and give her a mother's blessing and a right royal welcome to an inheritance of work. Since the Southern Branch decided to send Miss Harwood to Japan, she has been in Chicago with Mrs. A. apron, getting some knowledge from her of the best ways of working. Dr. Clark says, "We are especially pleased with the idea of Miss Harwood's coming on to be with Mrs. Capron. Nothing better could be done to prepare her for happy and useful work."

We boast now of three full branches; next year we hope will add another to our list. We regret to say that after one year's faithful service, in which she gave a beloved daughter to the work in Japan, the pressure of other cares made it necessary for Mrs. Harwood to send in her resignation as President of the Southern Branch. Mrs. Phillips of Los Angeles, the Vice-President, is acting in her place.

We also miss an efficient, wise, judicious, loving helper in Oregon in the person of Mrs. Ellis, President of our Branch. She was there so long that we learned to lean upon her, and we feel a sense of personal loss when she leaves this particular branch of the work. "God removes the workmen, but the work goes on." Mrs. Belle Cook is now President of the Oregon Branch, and from her activity and devotion to the cause thus far, we think she will be a worthy successor of our dear Mrs. Ellis.

The Young Lady's Branch is here today to speak for itself. The members of it have been loyal, loving helpers. I am sorry there are not more children's societies to report. I don't think this is the fault of the little people themselves. There must be a lady in each church to lead them. Ladies shrink from it, say they have no fitness for this work. If they would only try it they might astonish themselves by their success, besides moving a grand engine of service in Christ's kingdom. "Let us expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The evening of September 12, 1891, will long be remembered by those who were present at the reception given to Miss Alice Harwood of Orange, daughter of Rev. Dr. J. H. Harwood of Orange, in the parlors of the First Congregational church of Los Angeles. Miss Harwood will sail for Japan, September 26th. She is sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions, the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific being pledged for her support. She will take the place of Miss Judson, in the mission school at Niyatani, who has been transferred to the Matsuyama Mission as assistant to Miss Gunnison.

In honor of Miss Harwood, who has devoted her life to mission work in Japan, the parlors were elaborately decorated with rare and expensive Japanese curios. Silken scarfs, richly embroidered in gold, covered the tables, and were artistically draped here and there, costly banners and Oriental landscapes, interspersed with all manner of quaint and strange devices, adorned the walls. From the high ceiling hung rows of pretty Japanese lanterns. Large-leaved plants and trailing vines, arranged in alcoves, greeted your entrance. Choice flowers filled the rooms with their fragrance. The whole effect was tropical and beautiful in the extreme.

Mrs. H. W. Mills, President of the local Auxiliary, opened the programme for the evening by introducing Mrs. M. G. Phillips, Vice-President of the Southern Branch, who gave the address of welcome, congratulating the churches of Southern California that Miss Harwood, so well fitted for the work, had been

(Continued on fifth page.)

THE RELATION OF STRICT SABBATH OBSERVANCE TO VITAL PIETY—I.

BY REV. H. L. BATES.

There are two Sabbath questions which concern the American people and the American Church to-day, each one resting upon a different foundation and governed by a different principle from the other.

One is the *civil* Sabbath as a *rest* day; the right of all to one day of rest in seven, and the propriety of making laws to protect all in this right.

The other question is the *Christian* Sabbath as a *religious* day; the manner in which it should be observed, and the reasons for such observance which appeal to man's religious nature. And while these two Sabbaths are largely similar, and coincide in point of time, they are in reality quite distinct, and the discussion of them must be based on different grounds. No intelligent American to-day demands laws to compel men to be good; to go to church on the Sabbath, to worship God after any particular method or manner—to worship God at all, in fact. However much we might desire the accomplishment of such results, we know that such laws, if enacted, would not only be unjust and tyrannous, but they would also be vain and futile. Men are not made religious by legal enactment.

All that the State should attempt to do, then, in this matter, is to treat it as a crime against man to deprive him of his weekly rest or to interfere with his leisure on that day, and his voluntary religious exercises. But when it comes to the Christian Sabbath, and the proper observance of it, and the motives and obligations which enforce such observance—these are questions with which the State has nothing to do. It is impertinence for the State to attempt to settle them by law, and ecclesiastical bigotry for the church to demand such laws. It is a *religious* question, not a political or legal one. It is a question for the Christian to decide with himself, in the light of reason and conscience, and the plain teachings of God's Word.

It is solely, then, the Christian Sabbath with which we have to do in this discussion; the Christian aspect of the question, the Christian rule of action, the Christian principles which ought to guide us in our relation to the Sabbath.

It is manifestly important to insist upon this distinction which I have made, both for the sake of the civil Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath. Men are constantly raising the cry that Sunday legislation is religious legislation, and the union of Church and State. Saloonists and free-thinkers and Seventh-day Adventists have developed a strange affiliation for each other in their common opposition to Sunday laws, from the mistaken notion that they are religious laws.

On the other hand, there is far too widespread the equally mistaken notion among Christians in this country that the reasons which justify Sunday laws are the main reasons for the Christians keeping the day; too widespread a tendency, also, to let one's own personal keeping of the day be governed largely by the prevailing *care* or the *carelessness* with which Sunday laws are observed in the community.

Whether there is the relation of cause and effect, or whether this is the *main* reason for it or not, it nevertheless seems to be true that, in the only two states in Christendom which have no Sunday laws, and in which the Sabbath is most openly and flagrantly desecrated, France and California, there you will also find to-day the most widespread irreligion, the greatest hindrances to Christianity in the worldliness and indifference of the people. San Francisco is the worst Sabbath-keeping city in the country, and it is, perhaps, the wickedest.

Let us, therefore, consider thoughtfully the principles which enter into the question before us, and as controlling it, independently of any questions which have nothing to do with the case. And I begin at once with this proposition.

That the Relation of Strict Sabbath Observance to Vital Piety is one of Cause and Effect. Not the sole cause nor the most important cause. Perhaps, indeed, you will think, before I am through, that vital piety is the cause of a strict observance of the Sabbath, instead of the reverse; and I would not be very much disposed to quarrel with you. I believe it, but I believe, also, that a faithful observance of the Lord's day has very much to do with the cultivation and growth of the true, spiritual life of the Christian.

It is no mere accident that we have the Sabbath. Either there is a vital relation between earnest piety and the Christian's Sabbath, or there is not. Either God meant just what he said in laying down the principle of keeping the Sabbath *holy*, or he meant nothing at all. And, my friends, the Christian Sabbath stands on the Fourth Commandment just as much as social purity and safety stand on the Sixth, and Seventh, and Eighth. The law of the sacred rest day is no more abolished than the law against murder. The Christian needs to rest, body, soul, and spirit, one day in seven, just as much as the Jew ever did, and this Sabbath law for the race had its origin before there ever was a Jew.

But, it is sometimes said, the Fourth Commandment was abrogated and abolished, because nothing is said in the New Testament about the matter.

Yes, there was something said, and in one of the most profoundly important principles ever laid down on this subject. It was when Jesus cut away, at one stroke, all the Pharisaic additions

and misconstructions of the Sabbath law by his statement that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." This was the historic reason for the original Sabbath; and Christ had reaffirmed it here for all time, for men of all races, in all lands, in all ages. So, this is God's law for the Christian, and as binding to-day as ever. The reasons for it are as inherent and fundamental as they ever were. Whether, therefore, people around you obey the civil laws or not, whether the prevailing customs in your community are very lax in the matter of Sabbath observance or not, does not enter into the case in your decision of this question. You carry your Sabbath law in your own breast. Wherever the day may find you, in California or Connecticut, in Paris or Edinburgh, there a divine voice calls upon you to rest from wonted labor, and spend the day with God. The Sabbath was made for you for such purposes.

The opinions of men may differ, indeed, with respect to the precise application of this principle to particular acts and to actual questions which arise; but men can hardly differ very widely in a general understanding as to what the Master meant by "man" in his reaffirmation of the Sabbath law. That the Sabbath is vitally needed as a day of rest from bodily labor, wherein man on his natural side may find rest and refreshment, has seldom been disputed. The infidels of France even acknowledged it, after making a futile effort in the last century to substitute one day of rest in ten instead of seven. But this takes account of only one side of man, and that confessedly the lowest side. No rational and honest interpretation of Christ's words can deny that they include in their scope *all* that man is, his lowest and his highest side; and that, indeed, as we rise in our conception of what man is—not an animal merely, not as realizing his highest dignity and glory in the development of his animal nature, and the gratification of all his fleshly appetites and desires, but rather as a *spirit* with spiritual powers and capacities which the brute creation knoweth not—then do we realize that everything else in man is only incidental really to this spiritual side of his nature; every other part of man's nature, everything else in him, and of him, and about him, finds its only justification, its explanation, in the divine economy of the universe in God's supreme purpose in its capacity to minister to the highest and fullest development of the divine spirit in man—that in man which thinks and acts and feels, and which has the power to know God; that which makes the supreme thing, which we predicate of man, his character. Was it not for *such* a man that the Sabbath was made? Must not the Sabbath minister to such a man to be of any value to the race? Must not every use of the Sabbath by the individual be rigidly and honestly tested by this ultimate principle?

It will make all the difference in the world with our application of Christ's declaration, how we define man. *What* man? "The Sabbath was made for man"—multitudes say, and find in the words a justification of almost every extreme of fleshly indulgence and worldly delight. The mercenary toiler whose highest idea seems to be that man is a mere money-making machine, counts the Sabbath a special Providence to help him add to his wealth. The self-indulgent worldling, who would not find much fault with the definition which some one gives of man, as "a stomach with appendages," uses the day chiefly for the gratification of everything else about him but his soul. I am not sure that that multitudes to-day go to church even for no weightier reasons. They go to hear the best music, the most sensational preaching, to see the latest novelty in preachers and spring bonnets, to see and be seen; for almost every reason, in fact, but the desire to feed the soul out of God's Word, to seek new light on the path of eternal life, to bring the vows and offerings of loving hearts and grateful praise into God's temples. They ask, not where shall I get the greatest spiritual help to-day, or how, but where shall I please my fancy most and get the greatest pleasure.

Now, the definition of man which underlies such a use of the Sabbath is fatally defective. It is scientifically defective. Man is a vertebrate animal, not a mollusk, nor a radiate. It is common to say that a man without back-bone and moral stamina is a mollusk, a jelly-fish, but I think the second definition of man which I gave would class him among the mollusks for another reason. For what is the octopus or devil-fish, when you analyze him at a safe distance, but popularly speaking, a "stomach with appendages"?

The most noticeable things about him are his large, muscular stomach, and his eight long arms, furnished with tenacious disks or suckers, which hold firmly everything within their reach. He may be a highly-developed mollusk, but he is not a true type of a highly-developed man. The soul is lacking in such a man, the backbone of true moral and spiritual character; and the trouble with the Christian Sabbath to-day is not that truer light has broken forth on God's purpose for the Christian in its use, not that men have reached a truer interpretation of Christ's declaration that "the Sabbath was made for man," but that godless greed and grovelling pleasure have, like a huge octopus, fastened a relentless grasp upon this precious gift of God to the race, and are bent on absorbing it wholly for their own gratifica-

tion and delight. The principal countries of Europe have, apparently, lost almost the true conception of the Lord's day, and its necessity for spiritual growth and sustenance, and it yet remains to be decided whether America will follow their example, or be guided by a truer, diviner, more scriptural conception of what man is, and how the Sabbath can best minister to his highest wants and necessities.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning Sept. 27, 1891.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject—Sowing the seed. (John iv: 27-38.)

The morning cloud and the early dew, absorbed by the first hour of sunshine, are the fitting figures of passing goodness. But sowing and reaping represent more of toil and more of permanence. *Christians are sowers.* The seed is God's word. The soil is the human heart—memory, affection, reason, will. Our work is to sow the seed; we are not expected to make it grow. "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." The issue is not committed to us. We are not accountable for success; God takes that responsibility. (Eccles. xi: 6; Matt. xiii: 3, 4; I Cor. iii: 7; Ps. cxvii: 37; John xii: 24.)

We are accountable for *faithful sowing*. The husbandman takes the wheat, handful by handful, and scatters it on the subdued soil. He is faithful to his employer. Each grain is made to fall, if possible, apart from every other, yet so near to each other that the "blade" and the stalk may be mutually helped in their growth. So Christians should sow; and sow in the belief that as the present is the fruit of the past, it is also the seed of the future. If we cannot gather a large congregation, and scatter the seed in fullest measure, eliciting the praise of those who idolize the success which can be measured by arithmetic, we can, in our respective positions, faithfully sow the influence of our Christian life. Our "fruitfulness is with the Lord," and our work with our God.

"The plants of grace shall ever live; Nature decays, but grace must thrive; Time, that doth all things else impair, Still makes them flourish strong and fair." (Lev. xix: 19; Eccles. xi: 4; Luke ix: 62; Hosea x: 12; I Cor. iii: 8.)

We may look for results. In proportion as the labor is honest and faithful, so will be the intensity of the outlook for results. The farmer looks out, as the days multiply into weeks, for the delicate green tint which is the promise of a harvest. It is a child's trick to sow seed one day and then the next to scrape away the earth to see evidences of growth. We must not be inwardly incredulous or impatient, but wait on the Lord, who "in due season" will quicken the sowing to visible results. The seed may be hidden, but it is not lost. There are permeations of influence which we cannot trace. There are risings of thought and feeling which we do not know. There is no use in 'being in greater haste than God.

"Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thine hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broadcast it o'er the land;

"For duty shall appear, In verdure, beauty, strength, The tender blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length."

(Zech. viii: 12; Gal. vi: 7.)

We shall reap from the *sowing of others*. "No man liveth to himself; no man dieth to himself." "One man sows and another reapeth." We are links in a great chain. The harvest of others' sowing are in us and around us. What is good and true in us or around us points us back to some faithful sower. Reaping always follows sowing. We shall reap from our own sowing. And we shall reap more than we sow. The measure of reaping is more than the measure of sowing. The measure of getting is more than the measure of giving. We plant a seed corn and we get back a hundred. We give the seeds to the furrow; the earth nurses them; the wind searches for them; dew and rain visit them; and nature gives back, not what we gave the earth, but more abundantly, "some a hundredfold." So does Christ give, not according to our measure, but according to his own. Though harvest joy be given us, and sheaves fall in largest wealth to our sickle, we must sow on. Then shall our lives, like summer days, be most beautiful in the evening; and our old age, like autumn, be rich with the golden sheaves of good words and deeds ripened from the sowing of youth and middle life.

"Fret not for sheaves; a holy patience keep; Look for the early and the latter rain, For all that faith hath scattered love shall reap."

(Ps. cxvii: 5; Eccles. xi: 6; Luke x: 2; Rev. xiv: 15.)

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, San Francisco.

SUNDAY STAMPS.—The question of Sunday rest for public officials has lately been to the front in Switzerland. This has induced the Postoffice of the Republic to test public feeling in a somewhat original way. Special "Sunday stamps" are being printed, which will be for sale at every postoffice. Any letters posted on Saturday with these new stamps affixed will not be delivered on Sunday, but held over till Monday. All those franked with ordinary postage stamps will be delivered on Sunday. The number of "Sunday stamps" used will decide the future action of the Postoffice Department.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, SEPT. 27TH

JOHN I: 1-14.

The Revelation of the Father through the Incarnate Word.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

"These are written," says the evangelist, of the records we are studying, "that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye may have life in his name." "For God sent not his Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world should be saved through him." This is the key by which we unlock the treasure-house of divine truth. What, then, have we learned of Jesus by our studies thus far in this "spiritual guide"?

1. Our first lesson furnished us an epitome of the entire gospel. It took us back beyond the beginning of time, and showed us the "Word," existing then as a separate personality, in closest union with the Supreme God. This word was also God himself, and represented the God revelation as distinguished from the unknown and unknowable God. The prologue, then shows us this revealing God: (1) First as he is disclosed in nature and providence; the source of all life and light in the created universe. It hints also at the mystery which shrouds his agency in this sphere. (2-6.)

2. Our second lesson, then, showed us the higher sphere of grace, as the source of intellectual and spiritual life and light. It distinguishes the Word from the herald of the Word; tells us of his approaches to mankind in all ages, but especially to the Jewish nation; of the unresponsiveness of human hearts to his appeals, and of the great blessing which resulted from those who did obediently yield to his gracious influences. (Vs. 7-14.) Then (3), the Word became Incarnate in person for us; glorious in all the sanctity of an only begotten Son, dwelling among men in the person of Jesus Christ, the embodiment, not so much of law, as of love, in its truest spirit and most perfect form. It showed him to us as the fullness of his life subject to the calls of human need; pouring out his grace upon men; and rewarding every appropriation of his grace with a larger supply. Finally, identifying Jesus distinctly with "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father," and him with the Word, we are told that through this revelation, and through no other, the fatherhood of God becomes a blissful certainty, and sonship in his family the daily privilege of every one who will accept it. It is in this last development of the Word that the succeeding records exhibit him. This manifestation of God in Christ is the substance of the gospel.

3. Our second lesson, then, showed us the herald's announcement of the Incarnate Word, under his most characteristic symbol, the Lamb of God bearing and taking away the sin of the world. It shows us, too, the beginnings of his conquest of human hearts in the glad devotion of four generations of youth to him, as their personal Teacher and Lord. And it noticeable how, in these earliest triumphs, receptive souls rose to the acknowledgment of Jesus as the true Messiah, and even more emphatically, as the "Son of God, the King of Israel."

4. Then we watch this incarnate Son, as he begins his work of salvation. He is in the family, the true unit of humanity; and he begins it at the foundation of the home. Very significant is this choice of the marriage feast as the occasion of his first "sign." Nor is the sphere of this first manifestation of divine power less noteworthy. In it he grapples with the elements of the universe, and draws forth energy through which, at the beginning, all things were created by the living Word. His aims are no less plainly marked. It was the aim of his entire life. It was a ministry of love, a supply of needs, and an abundant supply; a pledge, too, that all bodily wants are included in his personal provision, not less truly than spiritual needs.

5. The next picture shows our Lord as engaged with those higher interests, unfolding the nature and the conditions of entrance into the kingdom of God. Before a religious teacher whose danger was that he would rely upon the flesh, or the will of man—some human agency—this Jesus, as representing the Almighty Father, declares that only a new birth, effected by the Spirit, can secure for any one a place in the family of God's dear children, the kingdom of the saved. And the new birth he still more distinctly connects, in some vital way, with personal trust and loyal devotion to himself. Whosoever believeth in the Son perishes not. Whosoever does not believe in the only begotten Son of God, whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages in other respects, hath been judged already.

6. The scene changes; and now, instead of a high-toned moralist, in danger through self-righteousness, we are shown our Lord in converse with a poor Samaritan woman—ignorant, coarse and of unclear life. Her danger lies in the direction of animalism. To her the wants of life cluster about the earthly necessities. The supreme questions are, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and where, withal, shall we be clothed?" And so to her Jesus speaks of water, of a living water, satisfying not only present thirst, but all future cravings, too. And then, when the way is cleared for it, He sets himself before her as the Source of that living water, as the long-promised Messiah, and invites her to look to him for the satisfaction of all her needs.

7. Again the scene changes. We are in Jerusalem; and witnesses of that wondrous healing at Bethesda, the sign-manual that the Lord of life was walking upon earth. We see the action of the unbelieving Jews; how they ignore the blessing which their hearts are too selfish to appreciate, and pervert the law of the Sabbath into a weapon of attack upon the gracious Son of Man. But, then, we mark how the Spirit of the Son of God rises in Jesus, and confounds his adversaries with more amazing claims. Justifying his use of the Sabbath day for works of mercy, he tells them pointedly that he does so because God, his Father, works unceasingly His works of loving ministry; tells them that every act of his is thus done in connection with his Father; that he is the Father's confidante, so that no one of the counsels of the Eternal is hidden from himself, but that in loving familiarity the Father reveals everything to the Son, committing to him both the resurrection of the dead and the future judgment of the world; committing to him in such a way that the life imparted is as truly an original and independent gift of the Son as of the Father; that this office is committed to himself for the express purpose that the Father and the Son may be held in equal and undivided honor; and that, more than this, it is specifically the function of the Son to give eternal life to as many as shall hear his voice and trust themselves to his redeeming grace. So did the unbelief and antagonism of Jesus' foes recoil upon themselves, and serve as an occasion for manifesting more clearly the Father's grace and his own eternal power and Godhead.

8. It is in Galilee that we look next upon our Lord, surrounded by an eager crowd, wandering sheep whose shepherds have basely deserted them. Surrendering his own and his disciples' personal ease and comfort to the needs of these restless ones, he teaches and comforts and heals them through the day, and then spreads for them a table in the wilderness; a symbol, as he intended it, as well as a merciful supply of present bodily needs; an object lesson as to the fatherly care which the great God is always exercising over his children; a manifestation of the true filial Spirit in the reception of heaven's gifts; a hint as to the preciousness of those gifts; and a testimony as to the method by which God has ordained to dispense his gifts to men; viz., through human

hands, inspired by hearts in sympathy alike with the needs of humanity and the boundless compassion of God. Alas, for the blindness which could not read ought this "sign"!

9. So the discourse which follows was added on the next day. To the burned, tolling, suffering through which gathered around him, he spoke of a meat which would not perish, of a wealth which would abide unto eternal life, and counselled them to set their supreme effort upon the attainment of this. And then he went on to speak of the true head of God, as he had discoursed of the water of life by the wayside fountain; and when his words had kindled anew the sense of unsatisfied desire, then, in answer to their impulsive cry, he declares himself to be the bread of life, and, in tender tones, bade every hungry, unsatisfied heart come to him, trust in him, and be fed. So he goes on, with a mysterious plainness becoming continually more marked as the opposition of his enemies develops. Now appears more distinctly that consciousness of his original divinity, which has all along been manifest. He speaks of coming down from heaven upon a mission from the Father, and identifies his giving of the bread of heaven with his saving of believing souls. No one of these, he declares, shall be lost, but every one he will raise up at the last day. And when the Jewish party takes exception to this claim of "coming down out of heaven," Jesus simply ignores what they have said about his human birth, and goes on to identify himself anew with the Father, and to assert that every one whom the Spirit of God has taught will come to him, and through him draw near to the Father. And this attitude of his toward his earthly relations is characteristic of our Lord. He never refers to his human birth, but often and always to his advent from the pre-existent state of glory. And so he speaks for God, and invites earth's famishing ones to come unto him, believe in him, trust feeding, as it were, upon him—his flesh, his blood, his very life; so being nourished in every part unto the eternal life. It was a hard saying to the people then; and was the crisis of his work in Galilee, and from that time, many, formerly well disposed, left his side. The light shone in darkness, but the darkness did not apprehend it; but neither did it overcome it, for some sided with the apostles, "believing and knowing him as the Holy One of God."

10. In the scene which follows—the scene in the temple at Jerusalem during the feast of tabernacles—our Lord sets forth again his divine prerogatives in his cry to every one who thirsts to come unto him and drink. To this picture of blissful satisfaction, moreover, there is added here the charm of Godlike beneficence. Each saved soul shall become an habitation of God through the Spirit, and thus himself a flowing fountain of all life-giving influences. Blessed in themselves, they shall also be a blessing to all the families of the earth. (Gen. xii: 13.) But this also—strange as it would appear did we not know how men nowadays can pervert the sweetest truths—became matter of contention.

11. And so, on the following, and perhaps some succeeding days, the theme is renewed; this time beginning with our Lord's claim to be the light of the world, thence going on to the office of the light in scattering darkness, and so coming to the point that his disciples may be made free. The idea here is not death, but slavery; but it covers, substantially, the same ground. The sinner, a slave, is the fundamental position. And this the great Teacher illustrates and proves despite the denials—nay, by means of the denials—of his opponents. As against the claims of inherited freedom, he sets the indubitable marks of a slavish disposition. The seed of Abraham they may be, but his children they are not, for childhood implies moral resemblance, and the faith-filled obedience of Abraham was conspicuously lacking in them. Still less could they claim relationship to God. So far from this, they were that of the devil; and thus they were unwarily designated as the spiritual children of him who is the father of lies, and the leader of everything unholly and impure. Here, too, we may notice how distinctly he holds forth himself as the Incarnate Son, the Revealer of the Father. If God were your father, he would love me, he says, for I came forth, and am am come, from God. More impressive than this is the solemn word in which that conversation ended. Taking up the sacred name of Jehovah, and with a tone and manner which rendered its reference plain, he affirms, "Before Abraham was I am."

12. We look upon this wonderful Saviour again, as, passing along, his eye one day rests upon a sightless beggar. It stirred within him the fountains of compassion and of helpful purpose. Any exhibition of misery would seem to have done this; for he bore always about the consciousness of that mission to the earth which had brought him to earth. And the opportunities to help them were fast passing away. He was Light. It was for him while he could to enlighten the darkness of every sinning, sorrowing, ignorant, or otherwise unfavored child of God. In this sightless beggar before him was the representative of all such. Without more ado, therefore, he proceeded to his work in a way and by means best fitted not only to bestow physical sight, but also to unveil his darkened soul, and give him "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." And this he did, rewarding the trustful obedience and the manly confession of the beggar with a revelation of himself as the only begotten Son of God, and of the new birth of loving Christian faith.

13. Was it, we wonder, under the special emotions kindled by that event that our Lord uttered the discourse which formed our final study? However this may be, it turns on a theme in wonderful harmony with the circumstances, and distinguished even among his words for tender and far-reaching truth. First, a picture of a faithful shepherd; of any one entrusted with the care of God's children; entering into the fold through the door of personal loving faith in the loving Lord, and then giving up his life to his charge; counting anything and everything of less importance than fidelity to their interests. Then, himself, as the true, the distinctively good, Shepherd; surrendering himself, even with Calvary before him, to the care of those who trust him; leading them along through life, feeding them, guiding them, defending them, and bringing them all to the end, one perishing, to the blessed fold and the Father's home above. And as a companion-picture, we have the sheep, Christ's loyal followers; knowing their leader, loving him, trusting him, obeying him, and so walking quietly, confidently, peacefully on, through every difficult or perilous way. How should it be otherwise? Are they not upheld by the Shepherd's hand, and has he not said that all these are also in the Father's hand, because he and the Father are one, and that none shall snatch them out of the Father's hand?

Children of God or children of the devil? this is our conclusion—free or enslaved; alive or dead; saved or unsaved—depends on the condition of every human being. And this, again, is dependent upon the reception or the rejection of Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God. Through faith in him by a new birth, wrought through God's Spirit, we enter into the kingdom of God; thenceforward to be cared for by the loving Father; fed with the bread of life and the water of life; sustained and kept in the perfect peace of complete satisfactions; upheld by the almighty hands of Infinite Love; and made in turn a source of life and health and comfort to all around; so borne onward and upward to the everlasting light of the eternal home—such is the world, such is salvation, and such is our Saviour, as we have seen them portrayed in these wonderful records. Is it not evident what is our debt to Him who has so dwelt among us, and by the glory of his gracious life has also uncovered heaven, and re-

vealed the fatherhood of Him who sits upon the throne? Is not the word of truth also so high each heart, and the way of safety made so clear, that the issue of each life becomes a matter of individual decision? And shall we not, even in anticipation of disclosure, yet to come, bow with Thomas before the Incarnate Word, and hail him as our Lord and our God?

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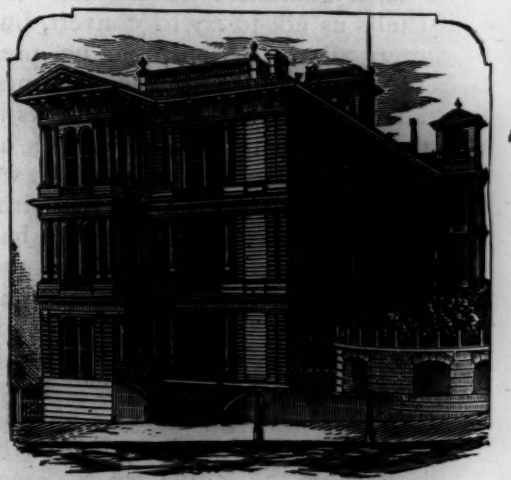
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Gone Circle.

Fire Pictures.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the embers all glow,
Fancy makes the pictures plain,
As I listen to the snow
Beating chill against the pane—
The wild December snow
On the lamp-illuminated pane.

Bending downward from his prime,
Like the ripe fruit from its bough,
As I muse my simple rhyme,
I can see my father now,
With the warning flowers of time
Blooming white about his brow.

Sadly waves the willow tree
On the hill so dead, yet dread,
Where the resting-places be,
Of our dear ones that are dead—
Where the mossy headstones lie
Of my early playmates dead.

But despite the dismal snow,
Blinding all the window o'er,
And the wind, that, crouching low,
Whines against the study door,
In the embers' twilight glow
I can see one picture more.

Seemingly almost within call,
'Neath our ancient trying tree,
Art thou pictured, source of all
That was ever dear to me;
But the wasted embers fall,
And the night is all I see.

The night with gusts of snow
Blowing wild against the pane,
And the wind that crouches low,
Crying mournfully in vain,
And the dreams that come and go
Through my memory-haunted brain.

WHAT HE EXPECTED.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand, which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly; "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear, and we shall have a struggle to get along at first—"

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued, graciously having allowed her interruption, "we shall have to come down to strict economy; but if you can manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked smilingly, but very happy—at the notion of mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover radiantly; "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat, and she does it all herself, you know; so that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blackening done, and all that sort of thing—why it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, so she went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning John received, to his blank amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

"I have learned how your mother manages, and I am going to explain it to you, since you confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy-maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She worries from five in the morning until ten in the night; and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled, and corded and unloved! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she repeated, 'John!' and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why, John,' she said, in a trembling, bewildered way, 'he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired, or else—or else he goes down town.' Now I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything; and all that you have to say of her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and, judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure that you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. 'As the son is, the husband is,' is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed and John pondered; and he is pondering yet.—*The Phenomenological Journal.*

ELEANOR GREY'S WAY.

"Aunt Eleanor, do you think the Reverend Worden a good man?"

"Certainly I do. I have no reason to doubt his profession."

"Lida Jones told me a bad report about him. I don't believe it though, and Lida said she didn't either."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Grey,

"do not repeat it. I think Lida did wrong to tell, and you to listen to, a slanderous report that you did not believe."

"Oh, Lida heard Mrs. Wells tell it."

"I do not doubt it; but I thought Lida and you were Christian girls, and I am very much surprised to find you in the devil's mail service?"

"Oh, aunt, what can you mean?"

"Just what I am saying. It is impossible for you to retain the Christian graces in your heart, if the devil's mail-pouch is there. For, when you listen to vulgar, malicious or wicked stories, you are receiving his mail. When you repeat them, you are carrying and distributing his mail."

"I never thought of such a thing."

But, continued Madge, "I could not but have refused to listen without offending her. She would have thought I was accusing her of making the lie. I know she never would be guilty of such a thing."

"We often sin through mere thoughtlessness; therefore, we must 'watch and pray.' As to offending Lida, should you not fear rather to offend God? True friendship is not easily disturbed. If you refuse to listen in a right spirit and kind manner, you need not fear to lose any friend whose friendship you need value. Never place an earthly friend before the friendship of that one 'that sticketh closer than a brother.' The Bible teaches us to 'love our neighbor as ourselves,' and that 'love worketh no ill.' Now, if there was an evil report about you, how would you wish it treated? With a positive refusal to listen? Or would you value the friend who would attentively listen to every word and treasure it up in her mind, to be repeated to every acquaintance, or intimate friend at least?"

"I should not consider her a true friend."

"Then, dear child, 'never let your ear be the grave of another's good name.' If Christians would take the advice of the Rev. Samuel Haynes, and let the devil carry his own mail, and bear his own expenses, they would find his power for doing evil materially weakened for lack of means."

"But, Aunt Eleanor, oughtn't Reverend Worden to know that he is being slandered, so as to refute it? And how is he likely to know unless some of his friends listen and tell him?"

"His life will be the best possible refutation. A lie will die as soon as it is born, if it is only let alone. I should as soon take poison and give to my friend as the slanderous gossip that is almost constantly circulating."—*Jennie Rogers.*

SOME CAUSES OF SUICIDE.

Besides imitation, there are other social influences which lead to suicide, but the most powerful is that which we denote by the general term, civilization. Self-killing is emphatically the crime of intellectual peoples. Almost unknown to savages, rare among Mohammedans, it rages among the nations most advanced in culture and refinement with a fierceness exactly proportionate to their mental development. It is said that Rome knew nothing of this curse until after the establishment of the empire. It was when the Roman legions had carried their eagle triumphantly through the world and brought back the means of luxury in the spoils of Europe, Asia and Africa, that life in the Eternal City began to be "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable." To-day the Germans, who are the profoundest thinkers and the most cultivated people, are also the most suicidal race in Europe. France comes next, England third, Italy and Hungary fourth; while, on the other hand, Spain, the most backward of European nations in culture, Ireland, Portugal, Corsica and Dalmatia, rank the lowest in the suicidal scale. Of the different regions of the same country, the north and northwest of France outrank in culture and suicide the center and the southwest; the north and center of Italy outrank the south and islands; and Saxony, which in its schools and general culture surpasses the rest of Germany, surpasses it also in the number of its suicides. In short, so universally does the rule hold, that the strength of the tendency to self-killing may almost be regarded as an index to a people's civilization.—*North American Review.*

TOO MANY SOCIETIES.

We asked an old colored preacher the other day how his church was getting on, and his answer was: "Mighty poor, brother." We ventured to ask the trouble, and he replied: "De 'cieties, 'cieties. Dey is jist drawin' all de fatness and marrow outen de body an' bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do noffin' widout de 'ciety. Dar is de Lincum 'Ciety, wid Sister Jones an' Brudder Brown to run it; Sister Williams mus' march in front ob de Daughters ob Rebecca. Den dar is de Dorcas, de Marthas, de Daughters ob Ham and de Librarian Ladies." "Well, you have the brethren to help in the church," we suggested. "No, sah, der am de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons ob Ham and de Oklahoma Promise Land Pilgrims. Why, brother, by de time de brudders and sisters pays all de dues and tends all de meetin's, dere is nuffin' left for Mt. Pisgah church but jist de cob, de corn has all been shelled off an' frowed to dese speckled chickens."

—*Exchange.*

The best sign that a man believes anything is not his repetition of its formulas, but his impregnation with its spirits.—*Brooks.*

WONDERFULLY CHANGED.

"One day, says Robert Raikes, the founder of Sabbath-schools, 'as I was going to church, I overtook a soldier just entering the door. This was on a week day. As I passed him, I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for that. 'Me!' said I, 'why, I do not know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' said he, 'when I was a little boy I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this cathedral, and was one of your Sabbath scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London, and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in hopes of once more seeing you.' He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened whilst he was at school. His father was a journeyman currier, a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the ale house on the Sabbaths. It happened soon after that I met the man in the street and said to him, 'My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the ale-house on the Sabbath; your boy tells me that you now stay at home and never get tipsy. 'Sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for it.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that is impossible; I do not recollect that I ever spoke to you before.' 'No, sir,' said he, 'but the good instruction you give my boy he brings home to me, and it is that, sir, which has induced me to reform my life.'"

—*Selected.*

HINTS FOR MAINTAINING HEALTH.

When the health is fairly good, and there is no special strain to be put upon the system, the normal appetite may be trusted to indicate the kind and quantity of food necessary to maintain that condition. Naturally, the appetite varies with the changing seasons, and unless it indicates an unreasonable extreme of indulgence or abstinence, no attention need be paid to any other monitor. Much harm is done by injudicious or meddling friends suggesting that a person is too stout or too thin, too pale or too ruddy, and serious disturbances of the system often follow the mischievous advice to take some bitters or pills, or refrain from fattening food or drink. Paying attention to any of these fads is like playing with fire. If you are ill enough to seem to warrant any radical change of diet or any application of medicine, consult your physician at once. Above all, avoid advertised quack medicines. To use the opinion of a successful dealer in them, whose bank balance is more liberal than his conscience, they are "made to sell."

If you feel a little debilitated take the coca tonic; eat plenty of fresh ripe fruit and vegetables, especially oranges; drink lemonade; and when usually fatigued, and just before retiring, drink a glass of milk as hot as can be taken, in large sips. Walk reasonably, and sleep in pure air. If a few days of this sort of home treatment fail to bring up the body and mind to their proper tone, call in your doctor and follow his advice.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SPITTING HABIT.—No decent person will deny that the prevalent habit of spitting here, there, and everywhere is, to say the least, disgusting. Now, in the light of recent developments, it would appear that this habit is not only disgusting, but absolutely and definitely dangerous. Whether Koch's bacillus is the cause of consumption or not, there is one fact upon which we all agree, namely, that the sputa of a consumptive contains the seeds of the disease. That consumption is spread by the indiscriminate expectoration of consumptives is a now well ascertained fact, but, probably, this fact has never been more conclusively demonstrated than by the following occurrence: In a certain business house in Paris twenty-two persons were employed. Among these was a consumptive who coughed and spit upon the floor for three years, and until within three months of his death. This was in 1878, and since that time four out of the twenty-two men have died with pulmonary consumption.—*Annals of Hygiene.*

DOORS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping-rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.—*Exchange.*

Household.

HAGGIS.—One-half pound of minced beef suet, two teaspoonfuls of oatmeal, four parboiled onions, one pint of pot liquor, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, the heart, liver and lights (in Scotland called the pluck) of a sheep, and its stomach bag. Clean the stomach bag in cold water, then put it in hot water, scrape it well. Allow it to lie in cold water over night, with a little salt. Wash the heart, liver and lights, place them in a saucepan, allowing the windpipe to hang over the edge; pour on enough boiling water to cover them, add a teaspoonful of salt, and boil for two hours. Take them out of the pan, and when cold cut off the windpipe. Grate a quarter of the liver, mince up the heart and lights with the suet and onions. Toast the dry oatmeal in a dish in the oven till it is a golden brown color. Add the oatmeal, pepper and salt to the mince, and stir in a pint of the liquor in which the heart, etc., were boiled. Mix thoroughly. Fill the bag more than half full of the mince and sew up the hole. Put the haggis in a pot of boiling water and boil for three hours, occasionally pricking the bag to prevent it from bursting. To be served hot.—*Good Housekeeping.*

OAT CAKES.—Three-fourths of a pound of fine oatmeal, one-half teaspoonful of cold water, one dessertspoonful of bacon gravy (fat left in the pan after frying bacon), one-half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and a pinch of salt. Mix two handfuls of the meal with the soda, salt and water, and add the bacon gravy. Stir all together quickly with the hand. Turn out on a board on which you have put a couple of handfuls of meal. Knead together, adding more meal by degrees; don't make it too stiff. Work it flat between the palms of the hands. Roll out lightly, cut in four pieces and rub each piece on both sides with meal. Bake on a griddle, and when cooked on one side place on a toaster before the fire.

LIGHT ROLLS.—With a pint of warm milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a cup of yeast, salt, an egg, and flour, make a dough and knead it well, then let it rise. When light cut into twelve or more pieces, and mould and shape and let them rise. When light mould again, and repeat the process three or four times, or until you wish to bake the rolls for tea, leaving them until then on the biscuit board. Then roll each biscuit out a little, and fold it over on itself and put in a baking pan. When light again bake about fifteen minutes in a quick oven. The repeated rising of the rolls makes them very white, tender and delicate.

SHORTBREAD.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one-quarter pound of ground rice, one-half pound of butter, one-quarter pound of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Rub the butter and flour well together, then add the sugar, salt and rice. Knead it thoroughly with the hand and cut into cakes. Bake in a slow oven, say twenty minutes, but the cook must judge by the heat of the oven and the appearance of the cakes. These cakes are usually long and narrow, about the size of a soda cracker cut across the middle, but they should be rather thicker, like cookies, and about as sweet.

FISH LEFT OVER FROM A MEAL may be preserved for future use if placed in spiced vinegar, which is thus made: Cover with strong vinegar half an ounce each of mustard, black pepper, cloves, allspice, mace, ginger, and dried lemon peel, four grated nutmegs, one ounce of salt, and a teaspoonful of cayenne. Let it stand, and as the vinegar is used add more vinegar to the bottle or can, until the strength of the spice is exhausted.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

FRIED CALF'S LIVER.—Cut a pound of liver in thin slices and scald it; wipe dry. Slice a quarter of a pound of bacon very thin, put in a frying pan and fry brown, take up, sprinkle the liver with salt and pepper, dip in grated cracker and fry brown in the bacon fat; take up on a plate, add brown flour to the fat in the pan, mix with half a pint of milk, let it boil, season to taste, and pour over the liver.

SCONES.—One pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one dessertspoonful of baking powder, one saltspoonful of salt and half a pint of milk. Mix the flour and baking powder together, then rub in the butter. Add the salt and milk. Roll out, cut into rounds about half an inch thick. Bake on a griddle (Scotch for griddle) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Wash one cup of tapioca in several waters, pour over it a quart of milk and let it soak in a warm place three hours, or till transparent. Then add it to four eggs well beaten, a small cup of sugar, salt and spice to taste. Peel and core eight apples, place in a pudding pan, pour over them the tapioca and bake till the apples are done. Serve hot or cold.

FRENCH SOUP FLAVORING.—One ounce each of thyme, sweet marjoram and parsley, dry carefully in a warm room, pound in a mortar and rub through a sieve; add half an ounce of celery seed. Bottle and cork. To season soup add a teaspoonful of the powder to every quart.—*Ladies' Home Companion.*

—Common sense is, of all kinds, the most uncommon.

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Wednesday, September 23, 1891.

The volume which gathers the proceedings and papers of the London Council is published by James Clarke & Co., London, and is sold there for five shillings. A gentleman has started with £50 a fund with which to supply every Congregational minister in England with a copy. We would that a similar arrangement were made in the U. S. A.

Some one has asked people who read a late communication of Dr. Joseph Parker to a public journal to count the number of times the capital "I" was employed. The pastor of City Temple may be supposed to be so great a man that the personal pronoun may seem not altogether unseemly. But what a reasonable suggestion it would be to some lesser lights of the pulpit to go over their sermons and eliminate every instance of this pronoun which does not add force or fitness to the utterance of their message!

It is pleasant to observe with what new vigor the people of Great Britain and the powers that be in Germany are taking hold of the "drink question." It is proposed in Germany to punish the vendors of liquors who violate the provisions of the regulating laws more severely than our "cold-water fanatics" ever dreamed of. And the London Telegraph has been stirring up the people of that metropolis with a kind of sublime energy on the temperance question generally. It has set all the other papers to publishing. The agitation promises good results. To be sure, the Old World is behind us on the temperance question; but, once let its feeling work up into wrath, and something will be hounded if not to its death, then into its hole.

It is expected that, at the coming meeting of the General Association, the American Home Missionary Society will be represented by Secretary Joseph B. Clark, and with him will come Rev. H. D. Wiard, now of South Dakota, where he has been Superintendent of missions for a number of years. He will succeed our brother, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren, in the responsible post of Superintendent for Northern and Central California. Dr. Warren some months ago desired to retire from the cares which must soon become too heavy for one who carries more years than he did when he came to the Golden State in 1850. Mr. Wiard is in the prime of life, has had ample experience, his record is among the best in this line of service, and we are favored in having him take up the work here so immediately on Dr. Warren laying it down.

The publication of the census returns shows us the sad fact that crime is increasing in the republic. The legal sentences in 1880 were 35,538; in 1890, 42,283; that is, they have increased from 709 in the million to 722. The convict class is more than keeping pace, therefore, with the population. We have not before us the figures for California, but we are impressed with the conviction that within even a few months the records of crime right round us have been not only more numerous, but more shameless and alarming. Surely, the judges of our courts, the wardens of our prisons, the sheriffs, and all other men who have the handling of this increasing convict population, should be vigilant and thorough. The saloon should cease to be the haunt of men who make and execute our laws. The jails should be the terrors instead of the schools of sin.

Too much heed can be given to some of the projects of those who fancy that their mission is to reconstruct society. They wish a more equalized distribution of wealth, if not by a leveling process, through legislation, then by some scheme of taxation which shall prevent the accumulation of great fortunes. All this assumes that the world's wealth would be better used than it is, for the general welfare, if it were equally distributed. This assumption may be false. It is certainly debatable. We do not know that it would be. We may believe that

it would not be till the world was far better educated than it is now. There is force in the saying that those who have had the ability, the patience, the skill, to save and make fortunes are just the best persons to handle and employ them for the world's good; and that, if otherwise entrusted, the fortunes would soon be wasted and gone—as fortunes often are in the hands of heirs. This is something to think of.

In the North American Review for September is an article by Charles H. Eaton (a Universalist preacher of New York, as we suppose,) on the "Ideal Sunday." The first half of the article is very fine. But, then, his ideal Sunday is, after all, one which would not be disturbed by the opening of museums, art galleries, libraries, and so on, on Sunday afternoons. He supposes that such places would be thronged at such times with the working people that have no other hours for such visits, and that they would be refined, cultured, inspired, and elevated by the process. But this is simply an "ideal" Sunday afternoon. It would not be real. Few of the working people would resort to such scenes. They would be the lounging places, rather, of the leisurely and the lazy, and of the time-killing class. Such places open on Sunday would really benefit nobody any more than on a week day, and there would be established only an additional method of Sunday demoralization.

TOO PAINFULLY TRUE.

The snows of winter were passing away, more than a year ago, while a theological student from Oberlin, who is now a missionary in China, was holding revival services in an adjacent town.

Finding his strength and ammunition getting low, he called a younger and less experienced fellow-student to his relief. The new recruit reported for service Saturday evening, and was assigned the regular services of the following day.

As they sat together, Sunday afternoon, listening to the monotonous roar of a neighboring waterfall, the older began to finger the pages of his Bible nervously, and then asked his friend if he could suggest some passage of Scripture appropriate to read at the funeral of a godless man, who had had a very bad reputation in the community.

Reference was made to the Book of Ecclesiastes, but a portion of the thirty-third Psalm was finally chosen by the young man, who, under these circumstances, was called upon for the first time to officiate at a funeral.

Both students went to the grave, and after the coffin was lowered, the younger, with very short notice, was called upon by his friend to offer prayer. At first his mind was a perfect blank, but soon the genuine sympathy which he felt for the bereaved suggested appropriate words of supplication in their behalf. These were followed by generalities, and then came an attempt to quote such Scriptural references to death as might apply to this case. "Man is as the grass of the field," he said, "which to-day is; he was about to add, 'and to-morrow is cast into the oven,' but, suddenly recollecting the disreputable character of the man, he feared reference to such a warm place might not be comforting to the mourners. With the quickness of thought he substituted for the last clause a verse of the nineteenth Psalm, 'In the morning it flourished and grew up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.'"

Owing to the conscious responsibility resting upon him who officiated, and ignorance of the Scriptures on the part of the others present, the curious amalgamation of these two verses, and the narrow escape from an allusion too painfully appropriate, passed unnoticed. H. F. B. ROSEBURG, Or., Aug. 22, 1891.

As the story runs, at a certain election Pat O'—something was a name on the ticket; when one of the voters innocently asked who Pat was. "Och," says his friend, "he's me cousin on the way over; he's not here yet. When he comes I want an office ready for him." We always supposed this was only an Irish story, but the Honorable Patrick Egan, Minister plenipotentiary to Chili, seems almost to fill the bill. He came to this country in 1883, having attained an unsavory notoriety in Ireland as the treasurer of the Land League. He settled in Nebraska, became conspicuous in Irish-American matters there, advocated Blaine for the Presidency, and later headed the Irish-Blaine contingent which supported Harrison. In March, 1889, he was appointed Minister to Chili by the President, he at that time having been a naturalized citizen but for the space of one year.

The order issued by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, forbidding Sunday work at the oil wells of the Standard Oil Company in Ohio, is a move in the right direction. There are multitudes of places throughout the country where Sunday work might be stopped just as well as not if only the proprietors, many of whom are Christian men, were willing.

The Pullman Car Company has built a chapel car for the Baptists, who are using it now for gospel services along the railroads in Wisconsin. It is furnished with organ hymn books, Bibles, seats, etc.

AS TO THE LONDON COUNCIL.

THE PAPERS.

The papers of the International Council were, in all, fifty-eight, including the opening and closing addresses, the sermon, and the oration at Leyden. These were of varying lengths, and of all grades of excellence in matter, manner, style, and adaptation. The sermon and oration were long and elaborate. Several of the "addresses" exceeded a half-hour in length. Those that were delivered in the more public meetings of the successive evenings, held in the City Temple (a more central and larger edifice than the Weigh House Chapel, in which the meetings were held during the day time) were under no limitations as to time, and were, in several instances, rather protracted. All the papers read in the regular day sessions of the Council were limited, in the reading of them, to twenty minutes each. Not a few of these were left unfinished when the twenty minutes expired, but the reading had to cease, as the rule was inflexible. In the printed reports of the proceedings, however, all the documents appeared in full—having been set up from the respective manuscripts. Of the papers twenty-three were read by Americans, twenty-two by Englishmen, and thirteen by members from Wales, Scotland, Australia, and other colonies. Of the more than forty addresses delivered on "occasions," usually unwritten, but not in formal (formality is a kind of sublime virtue in the old world) the greater number, by far, was from the lips of Englishmen; several were from Americans, and a few from Australians and Canadians.

If one had the memory to do it, it were impracticable, here and now, to enter upon any criticism of these many papers in detail. One can only indulge in some observations upon a few of them. After characterizing them as a whole. As a whole, they constitute a remarkable series of papers as the modern world has known anything about. For variety, breadth, and treatment of theme, they signify much. For a worthy embodiment of profound thought, they will bear examination. For the light they throw upon the problems of our age, they will be useful. As literary productions, they will adorn our times. As giving information of the progress of civilization, they will prove instructive. As bearing upon the religious aspect of the world, they will be found inspiring. As touching the state and prospects of the Congregational churches of the earth, they will show them in both light and shadow, as must needs be when the sun has still to climb before reaching the zenith. As suggesting needed reforms and the way to reach them, they will be found fruitful. As taking strong ground on questions of sociology, they will reward perusal. As grasping the federations now in debate—federations in the British Empire, federations of free peoples, federations of English-speaking peoples, federations of Protestant peoples, and federations against heathendom, generally, they will be found wide-awake and urgent. And, as looking out upon the problems of life and time, lovingly and dutifully; and upon the problems of another life and eternal being, with anxious inquiry, and a weighty sense of responsibility, they summon us to fresh reading, and to earnest endeavor, as followers of a redeeming Lord, who carries all destinies in a mighty hand.

All the papers will appear in a book, now nearly ready, together with other proceedings of the Council, and all who can should read them through, though some of them bear much on topics of most interest to the people of England and her colonies.

No doubt the paper of Dr. Dale on the "Divine Life in Man," and that of Dr. Fairbairn, on "Congregationalism and the Church Catholic," will be regarded as the strongest of the papers read by the strong men of England. No doubt the papers read by Dr. Stearns, by Dunning, and by Dr. Gladden, will be reckoned among the best read by the bright men of America; whose papers generally were not a whit behind those of the mother country. The sermon has been already printed on both continents, and has drawn fire from all sorts of dissenters. Like the "burning bush," it has not yet been consumed. The addresses, both of welcome and of farewell, were remarkably pertinent, warm, and moving. Their skill amounts to genius. Metaphorically, if not actually, they grasp hands, they embrace, they kiss, they fall upon the neck, they smile, they weep—and they know not how to refrain from more smiling and weeping. In a word, they are good lovers.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

Last Wednesday evening there was held at the First church the annual autumnal reunion. In connection with this was an informal reception to Pastor Clapp, this being the first time he has had an opportunity of meeting the church in a social way since his return from London. The occasion was a most enjoyable one in all respects, and was largely attended.

On the 15th inst. Rev. Elmer E. Smiley was ordained and recognized as pastor of the Plymouth Congregational church at Vancouver, Wash. Plymouth church, Seattle; First church, Tacoma; the First and Plymouth, Portland; churches at Kalama, Pullman and Pataha City—were represented by five ministers and seven delegates. Revs. Samuel Greene, W. C. Merritt,

Chas. H. Curtis, C. H. Clapp, Daniel Staver and Prof. H. A. Shorey were also present. In addition to the council, some thirty of the members and friends of the church were present. Rev. Cephas F. Clapp was elected moderator, and Rev. Charles H. Curtis, scribe. Papers pertaining to the call and the acceptance thereof by the pastor-elect were read. Rev. Mr. Smiley gave a brief sketch of his life from his boyhood to the present time, pertaining to his early conversion, his parents, and his struggles as a poor boy to obtain an education to fit himself for religious work. The council proceeded to examine the candidate as to his creed, belief up on the Trinity, the Bible, etc., and unanimously decided that he was fully qualified for ordination and recognition. In the evening the following programme was carried out: Hymn, "Come Thou, Almighty King"; brief statement of the result of the council by the moderator; invocation, Rev. C. T. Whittlesey; Scripture reading, Rev. H. V. Rominger; hymn, "Tis Not a Cause of Small Import"; sermon, Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D.; ordination prayer, Rev. Samuel Greene; charge to the pastor, Rev. C. F. Clapp; right hand of fellowship, Rev. L. O. Baird; charge to the people, Rev. W. C. Merritt; concluding prayer, Rev. Daniel Staver; benediction by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Smiley.

The hall was well filled, and the congregation was repaid for their attendance. The sermon, from the text "Roll ye away the stone," having been ably and forcibly presented by Dr. Brown, was listened to with great attention, and at times with applause that could not be restrained. The ceremony of the laying on of hands upon the head of the kneeling candidate by two deacons, a minister of the gospel and the officiating clergyman during the ordination prayer was a very impressive scene, not to be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it. The charge to the pastor by the moderator was full of solid and sound advice from one who has had many years of experience in working for the cause. Rev. L. O. Baird, one of the classmates of the candidate while at Yale Theological Seminary, offered the "right hand of fellowship" in a very effective manner. The charge to the people was full of caution and advice to the members of the society as to how they could best aid and assist their pastor in the work to which he was ordained.

At the Ashland church this morning a harvest service was given. It was made specially interesting by excellent music. Mr. Webster still retains a strong hold on the hearts of the Ashland people, and there is constant growth in his church.

Last Friday afternoon something over thirty of the older members of the First church assembled and went in a body to the new residence of Mrs. W. P. Jones, who has been a member of the church over twenty years, and one of our most helpful and efficient workers, and gave her a house-warming, and also by leaving her a very substantial token of the respect in which she was held. The occasion was a complete surprise to Mrs. Jones, and a very pleasant one in all respects.

The Executive Committee of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Oregon will meet at 1:30 P. M. Tuesday, September 29th, just before the opening meeting of the General Association at Albany. After the organization of the Association the annual business meeting of the same Society will be held, when it is hoped there will be a full attendance, as many things of importance will come before it. On Wednesday, at 3:30, the following programme will be given: Address of welcome by Mrs. A. H. Martin of Albany; response by Mrs. John Somerville of Portland; greeting from sister societies in the United States; vocal solo, "The Force of Jesus," by Miss Harris of Salem; summary of Secretary's and Treasurer's report; paper, "Some of the Sins of Giving," by Mrs. Dr. P. G. Barrett of Hood River; "In Memoriam," poem by Mrs. Belle W. Cooke of Salem, on the death of Mrs. I. N. Gilbert. It is also expected that Secretary Kincaid will give some words of advice and encouragement to the women who have been laying the foundations of missionary work in the State.

Rev. Elmer E. Smiley of Vancouver exchanged pulpits with Rev. Henry V. Rominger of East Portland last Sunday morning.

The church at Willamina was dedicated to-day, free of debt, Rev. Cephas F. Clapp and Rev. Daniel Staver officiating. The building cost \$1,200.

Pastor Clapp gave a very interesting synopsis of a part of the discussion of the London Council, touching the truthfulness of the gospel.

The Portland Industrial Exposition was opened last Thursday evening. It far exceeds in attractiveness anything of the kind hitherto known in this city. The objectionable class of pictures which were exhibited in the art gallery last year are conspicuously absent this year. Public opinion was very emphatic in condemning the management, in this regard, a year ago, and this year had been given in this matter by those in charge of the exposition.

Sept. 20, 1891. GEO. H. HIMES.

The following telegram is received: "George H. Himes is mistaken. I have not been elected a trustee of Pacific University. The board has not met since June. Please make correction this week without fail. A. ROGERS. 'FOREST GROVE, Sept. 21, 1891.'

QUIET CORNER OBSERVATIONS.

The last Quiet Corner letter, burning with the heat of an unusually hot summer, had but just found its way to the postoffice when there was a change in the weather. When we read that letter in print it will be with coats on, and with strong inclinations toward the sunny side of the house. To day there is an autumn chill in the air, and if we ever had such things here as early frosts we might look any day for the annual "symphony in yellow and red."

As it is, we find just enough of exhilaration in this cooler atmosphere to make hard work a joy. The vacation season is over, the school bells are ringing again, the heat has spent its force—now for the best that is in us to give to the Master's work.

How shall we, who are Congregationalists, go about it? Have we, as a denomination, a special mission to a special class? One can hardly help asking such questions after reading the late papers. President Northrop, in a speech at one of the gatherings of Congregationalists in London this summer, said that "there are organizations that go down and reach the lower classes and lift them up. God bless them! But that has never been the special province of the Congregational Church, and it is not likely to be in the future. Our province is to take men and women who are capable of thought, capable of intellectual, as well as moral and spiritual development, and lift them up to a higher plane as human beings; make them more sensible of God, and the things that God has put into this world, so beautiful and so full of his love; lift them up to make them worthy of his work, and able to do his work, instead of treating them as babes sucking milk, just keeping enough of life in them to get them into heaven before they die of inanition, of marasmus—that is Congregationalism, and that is its mission."

Dr. Dale, referring to these words in his concluding address to the Council, said: "I venture to think that no weightier words than these were spoken at the Council—none that deserve the more serious consideration of English Congregationalists. There is no question about the imperative duty resting upon Congregationalists, as upon all other Christian people, to reach the lowest, the feeblest, the most ignorant and the most vicious of mankind; and to endeavor to draw them to Christ; but while we share this duty with all Christian men, this is not our special mission. The vigorous and the cultivated need salvation as well as the ignorant and wretched. The intellect, as well as the heart, has to be claimed for Christ, and it is the special duty of Congregationalists so to present the Christian gospel as to draw to Christ those who are never likely to be reached by the Salvation Army, and to discipline them to the highest intellectual and ethical perfection."

Dr. Gunsaulus comes back from London to Chicago, fired with the purpose of doing more than ever to "reach the masses." He is planning a work similar to his Sunday evening Music Hall meetings of last winter.

The Congregationalist, in a late editorial, says: "Methodism has sought earnestly for universal diffusion, and its prayer has been heard and answered. It has cared little for truth in the abstract, and much for the souls of individuals, and it has its reward. Lack of assimilation push and power, we think, together with a higher intellectual grade of teaching, accounts for the slower growth of Presbyterianism and Congregationalism. It is not so everywhere, but the instinct of enlargement sometimes fails to break down barriers of taste. The hand is not so ready as the heart is warm, and words of welcome come slowly through careful lips. It is the warm, social atmosphere in which churches grow."

A correspondent to the Congregationalist, writing from the Northwest, says: "The great need on this coast and all along the frontier is strong, thinking men as pastors. Such will draw in the thoughtful, college-educated men, who will not go to church to listen to unstudied sermons."

After reading all this, and more like it, in the papers of one week, the young minister is very likely to ask himself: "What shall I do about it? Read, and study, and think that I may preach the gospel to the 'vigorous and cultivated,' or spend my time on the streets and in the homes, and let the sermons make themselves?" I know one young minister who, just now, thinks that it depends altogether upon the natural make-up of the man himself. As a young man, he is shy about expressing opinions in a manner too pronounced, for he may have changed his mind when he is older; but he answers the question for himself now by first studying himself. He wants to serve others and make his life count for the most. To do this he feels that his passion is for study, he will read, and study, and think. If he finds himself more a social than a studious man, he will set about his work chiefly on that line; and he will trust the Lord to put him in the field where he can best use his talent. It is, no doubt, well for a minister to adapt himself to people about him somewhat; but, perhaps, it is possible to overdo the matter and adapt himself all to pieces if the people demand that he shall be what he is not and cannot be, because the Lord gave him the other talent.

Then again: There is something in it that each denomination has its own peculiar mission in a community; and when one finds himself the pastor of the Church of the minority, it is not always an indication that he has mistaken his calling, or that he is a less successful worker than the pastor of the church of the majority. The minority needs the gospel no less than the majority; and men cannot all be reached through the same means and methods. If I had not already quoted so much from the last Congregationalist, I would yield to a temptation to copy a few sentences from the article on "The Minister's Spiritual Dyspepsia," which appears on the second page, clipped from the London Independent. May I give the closing words? "The bulk of Christians, after all, are found, not in the few crowded churches where popular preachers display their gifts, but in the innumerable half-filled buildings where the rank and file of preachers minister the Word of Life. * * * Perhaps, not the least successful of these are men who often travail in soul on account of meager numerical results. Indeed, no tongue can tell you how much of the vigorous Christian life of the age—its strength in conflict, its patience in suffering, its comfort in sorrow—is due to the teaching of men who think their ministry a failure."

The programme has just been received of the meeting of San Bernardino Association at Escondido, October 12th, 13th, 14th. This matter of the special province of the Congregational churches will, no doubt, receive some attention at this meeting, as there are two denominational topics on the programme: "Congregationalism: Its Primary Principles," and "Congregational Ideals."

W. N. BURR.

SAN JACINTO, Sept. 16, 1891.

NOTES FROM SPOKANE.

As we wrote you in advance in our last letter, the reception tendered Rev. Dr. Beard, pastor of the First church, a short time ago, by the ladies of the church, was a great success and a most felicitous occasion. The invitation given out was indeed a broad one—to all Congregationalists in the city, to all attendants of the services of the First church, to all its members and to all the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Beard. The lecture room was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Representative ministers and laymen of other denominations were there by invitation, and spoke, welcoming heartily the coming of the pastor of the First church in their midst. The ladies of the church supplied refreshments of a superior quality for the inner man (or woman), and the evening was a pleasant one that will long be remembered. Dr. Beard replied to the addresses of welcome in his usual happy vein, and at once made all strangers feel at home, and impressed every one that he had come here to "work the works of Him that sent me while it is day."

Last Sunday was the occasion of the regular quarterly meeting of the Spokane Christian Endeavor Union, the sixth in its history. The meeting was well attended, and was held in the First Presbyterian church. An interesting programme was provided, including an address from Rev. Wm. Davies, pastor of the Second Congregational church, Spokane's only delegate to the great Minneapolis Christian Endeavor convention. The union is growing gradually, but is doing a good work, there now being seven societies connected with it. The Spokane local union had the only banner at the State convention at Seattle last May, but assurances are plenty that next year the banner from the City of the Falls will have company.

The Spokane Endeavorer, a monthly started by the Spokane Christian Endeavor Union, has already found a broader field, and is now doing good service as the Washington Endeavorer. The welcome it receives from all over the State is evidence of its "long-felt want." May it fill it well!

The reception given to Rev. William Davies, pastor of the Second church, and bride last week, on their arrival from New Haven, Conn., whither Brother Davies had gone for his vacation, was a hearty and enthusiastic one. About 200 friends and members were there, and enjoyed the meeting again with the pastor and his newly-made wife. Brother Davies looks well after his trip, and is still a hard-working member of the well-known Washington Yale Band.

The Sunday-school of the First church enjoyed an excursion and picnic to Loon Lake last Tuesday, to which there was a large turnout. The Union Park Sunday-school was invited, and young and old enjoyed the brief recreation and rest from the busy cares of the world. The lake is indeed a beautiful spot, forty miles away, and some day will become a famous summering locality.

Dr. Thompson of San Francisco, and of the American Sabbath Union, occupied the pulpit of the First church last Sunday morning, and preached to a large and attentive audience. He comes at an opportune time, as we never more needed the enforcement of our Sunday-closing laws, of which we have plenty. He also spoke in other churches, and appearances indicate that a general waking up and study of the question is about to begin, the result of which can only be for good.

The First church people are patient, and at the same time impatient, to occupy their new edifice so near completion. September 15th. W. B. W.

W. J. Jemmlson was arrested last Sunday afternoon for drunkenness, and put in the jail at Tomales, Marin county. Sunday night the jail caught fire and burned to the ground. Poor Jemmlson's body was part of the fire. What an awful fate!

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION ITEMS.—Programmes and blanks for reduced railroad fare have been sent out to all the churches within the General Association, but if any have been omitted will they not inform us and we will furnish them at once. Please see that the ticket agent where you purchase your ticket en route to San Francisco fills out the blanks of your reduced fare permit. Also let all who attend the General Association from points on the Southern Pacific lines use these blanks; they are available for all, whether they are delegates or not. Since the conditions require a number not less than seventy-five to make the reduced fare available to any, we would suggest that even those living near San Francisco use these certificates, thereby contributing to reduced fare for those who come greater distances.

J. H. WARREN, Registrar
For the Provisional Committee.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Publication Company of THE PACIFIC will be held in room 23, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, in San Francisco, on Thursday, September 24, 1891, at 3:30 P. M.

J. KIMBALL Secy.
There will be a regular meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Monday, October 5, 1891 at 2 o'clock P. M.; discussion upon "Religious Census" of the city, opened by Rev. M. J. Fergusson.

H. H. WIKOFF,
Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1891.

A special meeting of the Bay Association will be held on Monday, September 28th, at 3:30 P. M., in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., San Francisco, to consider the application of Rev. H. L. Harris for membership, from the Presbytery of Stockton.

W. W. SCUDDER, Jr.,
Scribe.

The General Association of California meets in Plymouth church, San Francisco, October 6th. Secretaries Clark of the Home Missionary Society and Cregan of the American Board are expected to attend these meetings.

The General Association of Washington met yesterday.

The General Association of Oregon meets at Albany, September. 29th.

An all-day meeting of the Woman's State Home Missionary Society will be held in the Third Congregational church, Tuesday, October 6th, beginning at 9:30 A. M. All auxiliaries are requested to send delegates. Take the Valencia, Mission or Howard street cars to Fifteenth street.

About forty were at the last Monday Club. Among the visitors were Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Frary, and Rev. J. P. Rich. The paper was by Prof. W. W. Lovejoy on "The Home Missionary—A Suggestion"; and the suggestion was in the line of a more practical every-day life. A minister may be a very helpless individual; he can only preach, and he can not do that very well. It would often help the Home Missionary Society if the missionary was familiar with some handicraft, and was more a man of affairs. He would be more in touch with the people; he might do something outside for his own support; his sermons would be less bookish and rhetorical, but more plain, practical, and useful. The paper was well received, and a paper in that line by a professor in our theological seminary, and its favorable discussion by our ministers, will do good. A communication was received from Robert M. E. Hunter of Oakland, which was a plea for peace; for peace commissioners and the settlement of international differences by arbitration, and for sermons on the subject by all our ministers on some fixed day near at hand. The communication was referred to the Executive Committee of the Club, with the request that they prepare proper commendatory resolutions, and present them for the action of the General Association in October. Rev. J. K. Harrison will present the subject for discussion at the meeting of the Club next week.

Rev. C. W. Hill preached in the First church in this city in the morning; his text was Luke xix: 10, and the sermon was one of marked power and beauty. In the evening Prof. C. S. Nash officiated.

At Green-street church Jee Gam made an address, which greatly interested a large audience. Other Chinese sang and played the organ. A collection of thirteen dollars was taken for the Chinese Mission of the A. M. A.

Rev. J. D. Foster had the best audiences since he became pastor at Lorin. Rev. H. H. Cole addressed the meeting of young men in the Y. M. C. A. hall in this city, in the afternoon.

The Christian Endeavor meeting in Plymouth-avenue church was the most interesting service of the day. The interest was very encouraging.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams preached as usual in Plymouth church, attended a funeral in the afternoon, and also visited the Sunday-school on Devisadero street.

Rev. Frank Merriam preached at Benicia.

Prof. C. S. Nash gave an address on "Our Educational Work" in the morning, in the First church, Berkeley. A collection was taken for our theological seminary, amounting to \$58.

Rev. W. N. Meserve held four services as usual.

The annual collection for the Home Missionary Society was taken in Beth-

any church. The cash amount was \$85, but the whole collection is expected to amount to \$225.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the First church, Oakland, held a covenant meeting, which was very well attended, and one of great promise. In the evening assistant pastor S. G. Emerson preached.

Rev. Loyal L. Wirt organized a Sunday-school in the Laguna district, a populous and prosperous agricultural community in the foot-hills near the base of Mount Hamilton, last Sunday; and two in Santa Cruz County Sunday week, one at Hihn's Mills in the afternoon, and again at Loma Prieta, another lumbering camp, in the evening.

Rev. L. Wallace has recently taken charge of the Callahans and Oro Fino churches. He reports encouraging prospects in his new field. There were four additions to the church at Callahans, Sunday, September 13th.

Rev. J. A. Jones has had very good congregations at Cottonwood for the last three Sabbaths. Practically, he has the field at present. Subjects last Sabbath: "Pure Lives to See God" (Math. v: 8); and "The Great Privilege of a Royal Priesthood and a Holy Nation" (I Pet. ii: 9).

Last Sunday week three united with the Cloverdale church on confession, two of them from the Sunday-school, and all from the Y. P. S. C. E. At their anniversary a few weeks ago the young people took charge of the Sunday-evening service and made it very interesting.

All former pupils and graduates of Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College, and Western Seminary, Oxford, O., are invited to a reunion to be held at Mills College, Tuesday, the 29th of September, 1891. Further invitation is unnecessary. Those attending should take the 8:30 boat and train to Fruitvale, and there change to the California Railroad to Mills College station.

The cornerstone of the new church at Satoc was laid September 16th. Revs. Pratt, Snell, Bartlett, Bristol and Goodell took part in the services. Rev. J. H. Goodell made an address in which he urged the importance and responsibility of the congregation to see that no preaching or teaching of any other doctrine save that of Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God, should ever be tolerated above that cornerstone which was about to be laid. This was responded to by hearty amens from the audience. In a few well-chosen words, Rev. Mr. Bristol pronounced the cornerstone of the First Congregational church of Satoc safely, solidly and scientifically laid. When Father Bristol says that, we have no doubt but that the stone is all right, and a copy of THE PACIFIC therein. May the building be all that is desired!

September 6th Rev. Chas. H. Curtis organized a Sunday-school at Holbrook. Fourteen miles from Portland, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, September 13th, he organized a Congregational Sunday-school where a company had been gathering for some time as a union Sunday school, putting them under our care for better work; at Fairvale, three miles west from Portland's center, in a beautiful mountain valley, where electric and cable lines are headed for. Last Sunday he organized a Sunday-school at Willamina, in Polk county, where, some months since, he assisted in work which, under the wise management of Superintendent C. F. Clapp of the A. H. M. S., a flourishing church—spiritual, and with a strong missionary spirit—was formed. Next Sunday he expects "to develop one of our two-year-old Sunday-schools, with one formed this spring, into a Congregational church. So God is leading us in the work in Oregon."

The programme for the San Bernardino Association, which meets at Escondido, October 12th, 13th and 14th, contains the following: Monday evening, October 12th—Getting Acquainted Meeting—address of welcome, Rev. J. R. Upton; response, Rev. Jas. T. Ford; social gathering. Tuesday—9 A. M.—devotional meeting; "C. H. Davis, discussion; everybody's hour talk. Tuesday, P. M.—"Congregationalism: Its Primary Principles," Rev. J. H. Jenkins, discussion; "The Religious Side of Morals," Rev. O. A. Spoor, discussion; "Christian Manliness," Rev. J. A. Rogers, discussion; ladies' missionary meeting. Tuesday evening—sermon, Rev. Geo. Willett; "Home Missions," Rev. Jas. T. Ford. Wednesday—"Religious Education," Rev. T. C. Hunt, discussion; "Motive Power in the Pulpit and in Pastoral Work," Rev. A. K. Johnson, discussion; "State Sunday-school Work," Rev. H. P. Case. Wednesday, P. M.—"Are Union Meetings in Small Towns Practicable?" H. C. Abernethy, discussion; "Congregational Ideals," Rev. W. C. Merrill, discussion; "Secularism; Its Place in Preaching," W. N. Burr. Wednesday evening—Communion. Trains connect at Oceanside at 6:30 P. M. with train for Escondido. Train arrives at Escondido at 7:30.

Reception Committee at depot to convey delegates to the church. Assignment Committee will meet delegates at the church and place them. Supper will be served the first evening on arrival of the train.

The Fruitvale Congregational Sabbath-school and Kindergarten is trying to be an assured fact. Through the kindness of a Christian Oakland lady who advanced the money, a lot 80x127 has been purchased on the west side of Fruitvale avenue, near Fourteenth street, and we hope, through other Christian

friends prompted by the Holy Spirit, to build a chapel where children may be taught the way to eternal life. The plan for building is as follows: We propose to issue one hundred shares, the par value of which will be fifty dollars, payable in monthly installments of one dollar, or all payable at once, or one year at a time, as the subscriber may wish. It will take four years to pay up for them, and we hope by that time to have the chapel paid for. If we can get fifty subscribers it will pay the installments. We reserve the privilege of redeeming the shares in the future, should we be able to, and if not the dividends will be paid in heaven. The undertaking is entirely independent of any church, and therefore we can ask the help of all. A very pretty chapel, capable of seating 250 adults, can be built for about \$2,000. The field is a good one, there being no church of any denomination nearer than almost a mile, and no school of any kind. Fruitvale is rapidly building up, and there are many children who can not, or do not, go to Sabbath-school on account of the distance. We ask the help of all who love the Lord, or who are interested in his work. Every little amount will help. One share will help swell the number to fifty. We have about twenty shares promised already. We know you will recommend us. Information will be given or subscriptions received by J. H. W. Riley, Fruitvale, Alameda County, Cal. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these little ones, ye did it unto me."

R.
LUTHERAN.—The number of Lutheran communicants in North Dakota is said to be larger than that of the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists combined.

EASTERN.
Rev. Francis Williams has been pastor of the church in Chaplin, Ct., nearly thirty-four years.

The women employed by the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society are doing excellent work among the country churches.

September 8th a new church was organized at Dunkirk, Ind., which bids fair to have a good growth and large usefulness.

Mr. Luther Carpenter, one of the members of the church in Ferrisburg, Vt., at its organization, died recently, aged ninety-seven years.

It is a good thing for every Sunday-school to have a "rallying day," when every scholar must be present or accounted for. The Fourth church, Hartford, had such a day Sunday, September 17th, when 735 were present or accounted for.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, was seventy years of age on Friday, August 21st. For nearly forty-five years he has been pastor of the church of the Pilgrims. His health of body and mind is vigorous and his labors abundant.

The good work of planting Congregational churches, which was well started in the first beginnings at Omaha by Rev. Alvin F. Sherrill, is still kept up by starting new Sunday-schools in the enlarging suburbs of that city. Dr. Sherrill was pastor of the First church, Omaha, seventeen years.

It was the custom of some of the ministers of New England to go among the settlements in the new country west of the Hudson, and spend some months in preaching and organizing churches. On one of these journeys, Jonathan Edwards organized the churches in Clinton, Paris and New Hartford. The church in Paris has just made a great occasion of celebrating its one hundredth anniversary.

SEATTLE LETTER.

Rev. Jas. Campbell preached last Sunday in the new Kirkland church.

Reports come of the delightful time the brethren had at the Vancouver Council of last Tuesday—probably a full account will reach you from the Moderator, Superintendent Clapp, or the Scribe, Superintendent Curtis. (The brethren saw to it, evidently, that the council should be well superintended.) We are all glad of the accession to our ranks of such a brother as we hear Mr. Smiley to be.

On Wednesday, 16th inst., the ministers and lawyers' baseball nines of this city met in contest at the Madison-street ball ground. The proceeds of the game, amounting to some \$300, were applied to the needs of a charitable institution of the city—the Day Nursery. Things were so managed that the score stood 18 to 18 at the close of the sixth inning, by which time the participants were sufficiently lame or exhausted to seek rest. It seems a pity that so grand a game as "the national game" now has become, should be usually in the hands of gamblers and Sabbath desecrators.

Our State Association meeting at Tacoma next week, from 2 P. M., Tuesday, September 22d, to Thursday night, Sept. 24th, is now the subject of our prayers, and many of the brethren's preparations. May pure spiritual influences abound there, and flow out thence.

Rev. M. P. Jones is expected back in his own pulpit next Sunday, his father having rallied somewhat and recovered his health partly. G. H. L. Sept. 18, 1891.

Three hundred and seventy-five railroad corporations in this country forbid the use of intoxicants by their employees.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued from first page.)

chosen by the American Board. This was followed by stirring addresses from Mrs. Chapin and Mrs. Price, returned missionaries from China, after which Mrs. Nance and Miss Cora Nance sang, with exquisite pathos, the beautiful missionary song, "The Master in His Garden."

Mrs. G. A. Rawson, representing Verndale church, in behalf of the Congregational churches of Southern California, then tendered to Miss Harwood their loving sympathy, pledging their earnest prayers and liberal support.

Rev. R. G. Hutchins, D.D., followed, expressing more than ordinary interest in the young missionary, because she is the daughter of his old college friend, bidding her God-speed in her self-sacrificing labors.

Perhaps the most touching of all the addresses was that of Dr. Harwood, as he consecrated his daughter to the Master, rejoicing that she had chosen, for her life-work, service in "his name and for his sake."

Miss E. Catherine Mills, in a brief but well adapted speech, presented Miss Harwood with an elegant silk umbrella, the parting gift of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the First Congregational church. In a graceful manner Miss Harwood received it, returning thanks, not for the gift alone, but also for the pleasant reception so cordially tendered, "the memory of which," she said, "will linger always in my heart, cheering me when I am far from home and native land."

An earnest prayer was then offered by Rev. J. H. Collins of the Third church. Refreshments were served, an hour of delightful social converse passed, and when the hour of parting came the hundred of guests present, representing the different Congregational churches of Southern California, joined hands, forming one immense circle, singing "God be with us till we meet again." To ears attuned to the melody of the gospel there was more of music and harmony than in the grandest symphonies of a cathedral choir. A moment's silence, all standing with bowed heads, and hands still clasped, and the parting benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. H. Jenkins.

FRANCES E. BENNETT.

"THE PACIFIC," ETC.

EDITORS PACIFIC: MY PACIFIC reaches our Postoffice on Saturday evening, so that it is ready for Sunday perusal. Though a large paper, I have only one fault to find with it, and that is it is not large enough; yet am I glad to get it as it is. Were it larger, I should not read it through so quickly. Being well along on the sunset side of life, and suffering much of the time with a chronic difficulty that has kept me from active labor for many years, I have abundant time for reading. I take several papers, one Temperance Magazine, and other State and county papers, besides two religious ones aside from THE PACIFIC, yet I must say that, as a religious journal, none that I have ever taken so completely fills the bill as THE PACIFIC does. My first acquaintance with THE PACIFIC was at the time Rev. H. V. Rominger was writing his sketches of his visit to Palestine. Those letters, or sketches, were exceedingly interesting to me. All correspondence in the paper, coming from whom or where it may, is always read, yet there are some whose style of writing is so exceedingly easy, and of such a jovial nature, yet withal so full of good sound sense, that I enjoy reading this correspondence as I would relish a substantial dinner when hungry.

Rev. Edwin S. Williams (you can put this in some obscure corner where the reverend gentlemen may not discover it) is one of those cheerful writers, and I would that the world were full of just such genial, sunny-sided men whose very presence is not only cheering, but a sermon also. It is said that there are sermons in stones, but stones are cold. A loving heart is warm, and there are sermons that reach human hearts, and whose influence extends much farther than many suppose, in genial social converse and in the minister's warm pressure of the hand. I remember a clergyman of my young manhood days, whose face always wore a funeral hue, and whose first salutation, when meeting, often was: "Young man, don't you know that you are a great sinner, and that unless you repent you will go to hell?" Many more have I known, understanding human nature better, who lay siege to a sinner, as a good general would to some stronghold, by gradual advances. I remember well one who ministered to a church in Kansas in an early day in Kansas history, a Congregationalist by the way, who ever had a smile and a hearty hand-shake for every man he met, were he clothed in broadcloth, fine linen, or blue denim. This man—long gone to his heavenly reward—was Rev. Charles E. Blood of Manhattan, Kansas; and when he left for other fields, no man in all that region was missed more than he. There is a time to weep, a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to lament. A Christian may well weep with those who have cause for weeping, may mourn with those who have cause for mourning, and yet in the daily walks of life never exhibit a solemnity of countenance that will repel, but rather an expression of cheerfulness that will tend to make those with whom he mingles daily see that the religion of Christ is not a religion of asceticism, but rather of sunshine, derived from the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Let me mention an-

other who presence was a continual beam of sunlight, Rev. Henry Bates, who ministered to the people of Eagle Harbor a few months, just before he was called home to heaven. He was indeed a grand old man, genial and warm hearted, and none knew him but to love.

Many more now living among clergymen might be mentioned, and some of them not counted among those whose oratorical powers are reckoned of the highest order, and whose sermons are often considered second rate; yet they are men warm-hearted and true, ever happy and cheerful, preaching sermons more effective daily, as they mingle with their fellow-men, than are heard from the lips of some of our most eminent divines. There is an electric current of genuine religion ever flowing from the Christian's heart—or should be—to his strong right hand, which, grasping the hand of his fellow, warms his heart; also convincing him that Christianity is not all a sham and a delusion.

I did not intend to either preach or write an essay, and it is probable that your readers, when reading this, will conclude that I have done neither.

EAGLE HARBOR, Wash. A. F. G.

CHRIST HOLDS THE SWITCH-KEY.

Once I was making a night run down the Tehachapi grade. On reaching Keene, we received orders to sidetrack for the upbound passenger. I was left alone on the engine, and being very sleepy after about thirty consecutive hours' run, I laid my head back in my seat, and quickly passed into slumber. While I slept the air leaked out of the brake drum, and after the passenger had reached the station my engine started slowly down the switch.

The movement of the engine awakened me, and I drowsily glanced across the main track to the passenger train, and, thinking it was moving out of the station instead of my own engine, I carelessly fell asleep again. Gradually my engine gained in momentum, until the rocking became so violent that I again awakened, and, glancing across the empty main track (for my engine had now passed the express), I saw that I was speeding onward toward the open switch which was not far distant. To pass the end of this switch I knew meant certain destruction, for beyond was a high bank on one side, and on the other—hundreds of feet below, lay the bottom of a rocky gorge.

I paused but a moment, and, leaping to my feet, I reversed the lever, pulled open the throttle, and applied the air. The wheels came to a stop, then slowly sped around backwards, while the momentum of the engine carried it forward until it reached almost the end of the open switch; then it came to a brief halt, and, quivering a moment, sped rapidly up the track—I was saved!

I once saw a young man plunging downward in sin, and when he had reached a point where he was doomed to ruin, a stronger hand than his threw on the brakes and reversed his life, and started him up grade again—he was saved! That hand was the hand of Christ—he who holds the switch key which shall switch us up the grade to heaven. Praises be unto the name of Christ, whose power alone can save from death and give eternal life.

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The Grand Autumnal

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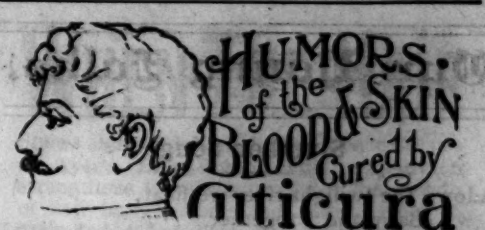
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Slumber Song.

Adown the twilight river we float,
Baby and I together,
Gilding along in our little boat,
Baby and I together.
Down the wonderful land that waits
Where the river flows through the sunset gates,
While the silvery stars keep watch and ward
As we drift beneath their loving guard,
Baby and I together.

Adown the river we softly glide,
Baby and I together,
As the day goes out on the ebbing tide,
Baby and I together,
The twilight river is broad and deep,
So close to the shadowy banks we keep,
While drowsy poppies nod and sway
And sleepily beckon us to stay,
Baby and I together.

To Slumberland our craft we steer,
Baby and I together,
Slowly but surely our port we near
Baby and I together,
Where the Dream tree spread its branches wide
And scatters rare fruit on every side,
Down the twilight river we float along
While lapping waves croon a tender song,
Baby and I together.

The fair little head is drooping low,
Baby and I together,
Gently into the harbor go,
Baby and I together,
Have reached the shores of Slumberland
By whispering breezes softly fanned,
Amid the fleet that are anchored fast,
Hush, we are safely moored at last,
Baby and I together.

—Good Housekeeping.

HELEN'S TALENT.

It was certainly a pretty room, and one might have considered the occupant happy in its possession. There seemed to be everything that the heart of a girl could wish, but the face, lying wearily against the downy pillow of the great easy-chair, did not betoken, by any means, unalloyed satisfaction. She liked her pretty things; would have been miserable without them; but she had become accustomed to them; they were part of her life—among those negative blessings, in fact, for which we so often forget to be thankful. And there was nothing but weariness and dissatisfaction in the eyes which gazed into the brightly burning fire that stormy winter day. The face brightened a little as a quick knock sounded at the door, and the girl looked around expectantly as, in obedience to her invitation, it was opened, and a bright, sunny face peeped in.

"Oh, Kate, how good of you to come out in all this storm," she said, putting out her hand. "As usual, you are just at the right time, for I have a bad cold, and a fit of the blues."

"Then I am very glad that I came," said Kate, stooping to kiss the pretty, flushed face. "What a dismal combination! a cold, a fit of blues, and alone! Where is your Aunt Nell, you poor, indigo-tinted little child?"

"She was obliged to go out this afternoon; but, Kate, you don't think me very wicked, will you? I do sometimes grow dead tired of Aunt Nell. She is good to me," hastily—"as good as gold, and as kind as she can be—too kind, I sometimes think. Now to-day she has driven me almost mad, fussing over me. I know it sounds terribly ungrateful, but we have not a single idea in common; and, oh, Kate, I am so lonely sometimes, that I do not know what to do. Of course, papa and I love each other as much as two people can, but you know he is away all day. I read, and go out, and try to forget, but once in a while, when times like this come and I revel in a good *think*, why then grow desperate. You see I am in a bad state, Kate—a thoroughly discontented girl, with everything to make her contented."

"But occupation," was Kate's mental reservation, but she did not say it. Kate Stanton had learned that most valuable lesson—the lesson of silence. For some moments she stood smoothing the soft hair off the hot forehead, with a touch fairly comforting. It was wonderful what a way Kate had of imparting sympathy, and lifting one's burdens without words. But, though she did not speak, her thoughts were busy, and finally, nodding her bright head, as though she had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she said, "I wish, Helen, that I knew some one with a good voice, willing to lend it once in a while."

"I am sure," said Helen in a drawing tone, "you know some one with a 'delicious' voice."

"You naughty mimic," said Kate, laughing in spite of herself at the unmistakable tone; "poor Mrs. Langford!" "Poor Mrs. Langford," indeed! cried Helen, her eyes flashing. "Kate, that woman is a perfect toady! 'My dear Miss St. Clair,' in that same mocking tone, 'do sing for us; your voice is delicious; it is such a favor to have you at our home! Favor, indeed! I wonder how often I should be invited to her 'at home,' were it not for papa's money! It made my blood fairly boil to hear the tone she used to that pretty governess of hers the other evening; if it is the voice that makes my coming a favor, Alice Stewart should be on the highest pinnacle, for hers is far beyond mine. Bah! I am weary of it all; a fine use to put a voice to, singing to such people; I am ashamed of myself every time I do it!"

"Will you sing for me, Helen?" "What, now, Kate, at your next luncheon, or are you going to have a musical evening? Where do you want me to sing?"

"In jail," answered Kate quietly, at the same time giving a hasty glance about the beautiful room, and then at the dainty little figure in the great chair, as though calculating the possible chances for success.

"What!" cried Helen, sitting bolt upright in her chair, and staring at Kate as though she thought her mad; "what did you say?"

"I said jail, my dear Helen, and I mean it; but smooth your ruffled feathers, and I will explain. Mother goes there every week. Sometimes she reads to the prisoners, sometimes she talks, or writes letters for them; and the White girls used to go with her to sing and play. They say it is astonishing to see how fond the poor creatures are of it, and to hear them join in. Mother says she has seen the tears roll down their cheeks while singing, or listening to a hymn, which, perhaps, they learned as children. But the Whites have gone away, and mother has asked me to go with her next week to play, and to find some one who can sing. Will you go, Helen?" and Kate stepped to the little stool at her friend's feet, and looked coaxingly into the troubled face above her.

It was like Helen not to answer, though she had decided. The wind dashed the rain against the window panes, and roared about the house; inside the fire blazed and sparkled most cheerily, and the clock ticked away several minutes, but still Helen lay, her eyes on the dancing flames, her slender fingers lacing and unlacing themselves, thinking. The idea was so new, so unexpected, and she dreaded so to come into contact with misery or distress of any kind. She had seen some prisoners one day coming out of the court-house, and the sight had haunted her for a week. To this day the face of one of the women would rise distinctly before her. That wild, white face, with its despairing eyes! She shuddered, and drew her light shawl closer about her.

"Oh, no! She could not go there! She could not bear it!" Then suddenly her own words came back to her. To what really good use had that beautiful voice ever been put? How could she account to the Lord for that talent which she had kept folded in a napkin? The thought flashed into her mind, she knew not from whence, but there it was. Never before had the idea so much as occurred to her that her magnificent voice was something for which she must render up an account. A talent, a great and glorious one—one, perhaps, more to be desired than any other, and with which she had done nothing, almost absolutely nothing, for the glory of Him who gave it.

For a moment longer she sat still, gazing into the fire, rejoicing in her new-found treasure, for that it seemed to her. She thought of the jail now without a shudder, and already she began to plan for her new work. Perhaps, through her voice, she might gain the confidence of some of those poor creatures, and be able to give them some real help.

To Kate, sitting quietly on her stool, Helen's face was a perfect study. Its expression at first dashed her hopes to the ground, denial of her request was so plainly written there. But as the moments passed, a gradual change came over it, till, finally, it was as though a burst of sunshine had flooded it. Then she could keep silent no longer, and laying her hand gently over Helen's, she said, "What is it, dear?"

Helen looked down at her, almost with a start, then clasping the hand that lay upon hers tightly in both her own, she said, with a beaming smile, "Kate, I will."

And with Helen there was no going back, for though she found her work as painful, even more painful than she had anticipated, she went bravely on, working, too, under the most discouraging circumstances. Now and again she did reap a little harvest, but more often it was seed sown in darkness, and Helen was willing to have it so, for she was using her talent for her Lord, not for herself. As for her own character, her own life, it seemed utterly changed. One thing led to another, and she was constantly busy, in the better sense of the word, and consequently happy. When she had time for one of her "thinks," there was no desperation in the retrospect—only gladness and thanksgiving. For Helen had learned to live outside of herself. And Kate, looking on, rejoiced.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A BRAVE KANGAROO.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At last she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While the baby was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story to be able to state that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene, that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.—*New York Telegram.*

When I am well I do my praying,
and when I am sick I trust.—*Dr. Abel Stevens.*

BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

Far away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchmen, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away, and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh.

The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the palace of Konyunlik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablets was of course done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered and assigned to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could readily find it, just as our own librarians of to-day number the books we read. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc., etc. Perhaps those little Ninevite children of long ago took the same delight that the young folks of to-day do in stories of the birds, beasts and insects of Assyria.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE BEST PARISHIONER.

The best parishioner I have ever known was one whose premature age made him an old man at fifty. At about this age the joy of his household was an only daughter, who had graduated with honors, and after a term in the Boston Conservatory of Music returned home a polished lady of eighteen summers, to complete her father's daily happiness by her sweet presence and the songs of her cultivated voice and merry heart. In a few weeks after her return she was prostrated with typhoid fever. After a struggle of about thirty days she died. For three days before her death the father was fasting—actually abstaining from food and drink—and pouring out his soul to God in prayer. The writer was more than once with him in his room, in prayer that God would spare the life of the lovely daughter. When notified that she was dying, he watched her closely until the breast ceased to heave, and then said: "Daughter, you are gone, and I would not for ten thousand worlds call you back. I would be afraid to risk it." He retired from the chamber of death, bathed his hands and face, brushed his gray locks aside, and went to his dining hall and ordered his supper. After having eaten a good meal, he said to the writer: "My precious darling is gone, and I have no disposition to murmur; I know it is the Lord's will that she should go, and that is enough for me. She is far better off now, and it will not be long until I will be with her for all eternity." He has never been known to murmur at any of his afflictions. His daily practical life is a Christian lesson, that was enforced and illustrated by this affliction. He is still living, and daily bearing testimony to the unbounded goodness of the blessed Lord.—*Homiletic Review.*

THE PRODUCTION OF POLLEN.

The immense number of pollen grains produced by a single flower apparently militates against the saying that nature allows nothing to be formed but what is useful. It seems, indeed, a vast waste of material to have such a multitude of grain when so very few would answer the same purpose. In a single flower of the peony there are about three and a half million grains; a flower of the dandelion is estimated to produce nearly two hundred and fifty thousand; the number of ovals in a flower of the Chinese wistaria has been counted and the number of pollen grains estimated, and it is found for each ovule there are seven thousand grains. While few fall below the thousands, many rise far above the peony in point of numbers. These are the wind-fertilized flowers, and here nature must provide for an immense loss of material. Darwin says that "bucketsful of pollen have been swept off the decks of vessels near the North American shore. * * * Kerner has seen a lake in the Tyrol so covered with pollen that the water no longer appeared blue. * * * Mr. Blackley found numerous pollen grains, in one instance, twelve hundred, adhering to sticky slides, which were sent up to a height of from five hundred to a thousand feet by means of a kite, and then uncovered by means of a special mechanism." The so-called showers of sulphur which have at times visited various cities, notably St. Louis, are nothing but clouds of yellow pollen blown from pine or other forest trees from some distant place. Perhaps, out of millions of grains thus scattered far and wide, only a single one may be of service.—*Prof. Joseph F. James in The Popular Science Monthly for July.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has more than once been cut down. The new shoots are

stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown words. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilies, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world, which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work"; but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—*Victor Hugo.*

PARTNERS.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?" "Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed and perspiring, but cheery withal. "Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washin'."

"And you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only its such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she's washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her." It was not a little-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier evidently did not consider it one at all; for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother 'n' me's partners."

We looked after her as she picked up her pail and walked on, bending under her load a little, but resolute, but with no thought of complaining or shirking. A stout, old-fashioned, homely little body she was, but we called her mother a rich and happy woman.

THE "PARD" IN TROUBLE.—A waif of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner with the air of a starveling, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes; but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do you want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously, "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went one way, and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—A man who was sad heard two boys laughing. He asked them:

"What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder of the two; "why, I makes Jim glad, and gets glad myself!"

This is the true secret of a happy life—to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes life happier here, and the homes of the redeemed will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help, brought there.—*Selected.*

Too many think that God is cutting down the tree when he is but lopping off its luxuriant branches. They imagine that he is demolishing the superstructure when he is only laying a right foundation. Poor souls! he is not nipping the flowers, but plucking up the weeds; he is not laying your land fallow, but plowing the field; he is not putting out the light, but snuffing the candle. Providence had a beautiful face under a black mask. God has the fairest ends in the foulest ways. The sheep may be dipped in water to wash it when there is no design in the Good Shepherd to drown it.—*William Secker.*

If you possess riches, do not glory in them, nor in friends because they are influential; but the glory of God, who provides you with all things, and above all desires to give you himself.

A perfect faith would lift us above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies, and gulfs faults of our belief that the snow of apprehension settles, and the ice of unkindness forms.—*Macdonald.*

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JENNY LIND.

BY REV. S. H. WILLEY, D.D.

The subject of my last Friday afternoon lecture to the young ladies of Van Ness Seminary was a review of the recently published biography of Jenny Lind.

Those of us who came earliest to California left the East just too soon to have heard this most distinguished singer, for she visited our larger cities in the year 1850. But this biography reminds us that we missed hearing a singer of unequalled power, who, at the same time, was a young woman of the rarest qualities of excellence. She did not come to possess these high traits of character by means of superior early advantages, for she did not have them. Circumstances were such that, as a child, she did not live at home with her parents. It was her grandmother who first detected her musical gifts. When four years old, Jennie was in the habit of watching the companies of soldiers as they marched through the street every day, and listening to the music of the bugles. One day, thinking herself alone, she crept to the piano, and with one finger thrummed out the notes. The grandmother heard it and called out, "Child, what that you?" Jennie thought she would be blamed, and in tears confessed. But the grandmother said to her daughter, the child's mother, "Mark my words, that child will bring you help."

At about eight years old, she had a cat with a blue ribbon around her neck, and she was accustomed to sit in the bay window and sing to her cat. People passing in the street heard her often, and were struck with the beauty of her voice. One day, a lady member of the Royal Opera noticed her, and said she never before heard such beautiful singing. People began to say, "The child is a genius; she ought to be educated for the opera."

The result was that she was taken and trained, as was the custom in Stockholm, with promising children, for the stage. The manager of the opera-school seems to have been a good man with a family, and he took a fatherly interest in Jenny.

She was taught not only in singing, but to a degree in literature and in religion, according to the views of the Lutheran church. She began to sing on the stage more or less in 1836-37, when sixteen or seventeen years old, and her pay was \$300 a year.

It was at about this time that she became aware of her peculiar power. It was in a performance on March 7th—and long afterward she wrote about it, "I got up that morning one creature, and I went to bed another creature—I had found my power!"

And right here we find her saying that she regarded her gift of voice as a trust, a gift of God, to be used for the good of men. And from this time through life she looked upon it in the same way.

This is the key to the right understanding of her character. This it was that, in connection with her unrivaled voice, gave her such wonderful power.

Before she was twenty years old she was singing in her native Sweden to audiences that jammed and crushed into the largest audience rooms, and held them spell-bound.

But she herself was not satisfied with her voice-culture, or with the instruction she could get in Sweden. In order to put herself under the best training, she went to Paris and became a pupil of the celebrated Garcia.

When she presented herself to him, her voice was overworn from too constant use, and from her wrong methods, and at first the master did not perceive its superior quality. He discouraged her, but offered her another trial after several weeks of absolute rest. Then he discovered it. But he required her to drop entirely her previous method, and to begin absolutely anew.

He trained her in the use of her vocal organs, taught her the scale, exercised her in the different registers, chest tones and head tones, and how to pass from one to the other so that the transition would not be perceived; how to breathe, and how to take a full breath without its being apparent, and then to extend the voice-compass to its fullest extent. In this he enabled her to reach the very unusual extent of nearly three octaves.

Though trained in Paris, she refused to sing there. She did not like its frivolity, selfishness, and restless love of excitement. She recoiled with horror from its shameful vice. Returning now to her native Sweden, a still unspoiled child of nature, and now also of art, it was at once said of her: "In Jenny Lind everything is combined to make the perfect dramatic singer—a clear, full, sonorous voice of large compass; an easy, charming method of singing, which she never overburdens with inappropriate ornament; a style in the highest degree expressive and enchanting; and an extraordinary dramatic talent." Added to this there lies diffused throughout the whole personality of this admirable artist a peculiar charm, a naturalism rare on the stage, which makes an immediate appeal to the good will of the audience.

She fascinates all by her appearance, her singing and her speech. Her power derives its origin and its life from a love-liness altogether characteristic of the individual, such as it is impossible to describe, and which banishes all disturbing influences, and collects all her rare and precious advantages so as to create an irresistible impression of grace and purity of soul.

Her career now led her beyond the bounds of her native Sweden, and gave

her a hearing in the chief cities of Europe. In all of them she was greeted with immense audiences, and with applause such as is seldom given to any one.

Jenny Lind is described as rather above the middle height, slender, but peculiarly graceful in figure and action, very fair, with a profusion of auburn tresses. But it was in the expression of the eyes that the truly great artist was identified.

As early as 1845 we find her expressing her earnest desire to have done with the stage, and her determination to leave it just so soon as she should have achieved a pecuniary independence. Its spirit and surroundings were not agreeable to her.

A rather remarkable incident is related showing her moral courage and firmness. One night, after a succession of triumphs in a literary city, just before she was to leave, a large company of students gathered around the house where she was a guest, and gave her a serenade. A representative number of the young men entered the house, presented her an address, and were introduced to her. "While the speeches were made," wrote the hostess, in giving an account of the affair afterwards, "I got the champagne ready and many healths were drunk, naturally hers first of all. Father then filled a great tankard and brought it to her, that she might taste it herself, and then served it round to the gentlemen. But she would not do this (why I cannot imagine), but she passed it on saying, 'Drink to your own health.'"

One of her warm and intimate friends was the great composer, Mendelssohn. On his advice, and at the earnest solicitation of others, she went to London. There crowds upon crowds thronged the places where she sang, and cheered themselves hoarse night after night.

The Queen herself, and Prince Albert and the royal family, went again and again to hear her and honored her with invitations to private interviews, and treated her as no other lady singer or actress had ever been treated; and all, simply because, with her unequalled genius, she possessed a character transparent and spotless, and a charm that won all hearts. It was about this time that she left the stage, as she had long ago purposed to do, and sang thereafter only in oratorio.

Why she should have done this when she had reached the very summit of her fame, and was in the full possession of all her power, seemed unaccountable to most people, but she was firm in her resolution and declined all solicitations to return to her profession, no matter how urgent or rich in promise of pecuniary reward they may have been. In the autumn of 1850 she came to America. Her wonderful reputation had so preceded her that she met a reception altogether unprecedented. She was to appear only in concert and oratorios. The rage for hearing her was so great that for her first concert in New York, the first ticket was sold at auction for \$625! The eight concerts given at that time brought from \$10,000 to \$16,000 apiece!

Jenny Lind, however, was far from mercenary; she was always giving. But she did it prudently, and at the same time discriminatingly. In this very visit to New York, out of her receipts she gave away \$30,000.

Among the gentlemen who accompanied her as her assistant musicians on her American tour was Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, between whom and herself there grew up an intimacy and affection, and concerning whom she wrote to an intimate friend, "that in him she found all that her heart ever wanted and loved." They were married in Boston at the house of Mr. Ward, on February 5, 1852, by Bishop Wainwright of New York.

After her return to Europe she sang many times, chiefly for charitable purposes, but gave herself, with all the ardor of her nature, to her home and all its delights, which were to her unalloyed pleasure. Thence, after many years of domestic happiness, surrounded by her children and children's children, in November, 1887, she passed from earth.

Her noble and womanly character stands before the world as a model singularly worthy of imitation. Considering how few were her advantages in childhood and early life, her career was very wonderful. That she should have passed through her theatrical experience the simple, unspoiled girl that she was, is nothing short of a moral miracle. That she broke away from that life in the very height of her fame and power shows how ungenial it was to her.

The key to her real character, as was before remarked, is in this—that she accepted her voice, with its wonderful power, as a gift of God, to be used for the good of men.

This was her life purpose, and this it was that so ennobled her, and won for her the respect and love of the civilized world.

An experiment was made last week on a railroad train running from Rome to Frascati with a new combustible prepared from lignite, rich deposits of which have been found in Italy. Three hundred and sixty-seven kilograms were used, doing the work of 300 kilograms of coal. The discovery is expected to do away with the necessity of importing coal. The new fuel makes a light smoke. It also yields a brilliant gas.

By the census count the men, women and children of the United States number 62,622,250. The footing-up is finished.

Miscellany.

"I'm All Alone."

"Alone! Alone!" I hear thee say.
What words! They pain my inmost heart.
And hast thou, then, indeed been called
From all thy loved ones thus to part?

And art thou truly all alone,
Without one tender, loving friend
To lift thy burden from thy heart,
And cheer thee to thy journey's end?

"The loved and lost"—do they not come
Around thy hearstone, as of old?
Sit by thy side, attend thy steps,
And with their presence thee enfold?

"Alone?" E'en now night's beautiful queen
Looks kindly, fondly down on thee,
As if to woo thee from thy cares,
And sweetly whispers, "Peaceful be."

The stars, the brilliant lamps of heaven,
Are friends to guide thee on thy way—
To bring thee joy, and peace and hope—
To turn thy darkness into day.

Sad is thine heart and lone thy path,
But many joys are to thee left;
And precious promises are given
To those of stay and staff bereft.

Alone? Ah, no; no more alone,
Since God is thine unchanging Friend,
Husband and Portion, Refuge, Guide—
Thy sure Defence unto the end.

Art "all alone"? when Jesus stands
With arms outstretched, and whispers thee:
"I'll ease thy heart of all its load,
If thou wilt only come to me."

"Then through the storms and ills of life
I'll never, never thee forsake;
But on my shoulder 'till I ever lean
Till safe to heaven I thee shall take."

Repine no more, for well thou knowest
Each sigh and tear to me are known.
Each grief and care he'll bear for thee.
Then canst thou say, "I'm all alone"?—Ex.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

One of the latest developments of an anti-Christian philosophy is called Christian Science. It comes to us in sheep's clothing, but inwardly it is a ravaging wolf.

There are books published, periodicals printed, and schools operated in the interest of this new philosophy. The principal schools are located in New York, Boston, and Chicago, though there are a number in other cities of the West.

This recent foe of the church and enemy of Christ has come into existence since the war, and it is remarkable how it has grown, and what proportions it has assumed already!

Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy is entitled to the distinction of being the founder of this new system of religio-philosophy. In 1866 she professed to have recovered from an injury that neither surgery nor materia medica could reach, and that in connection with her recovery she received spiritual illumination, which enabled her to give to the Bible a new meaning. This truth which she discovered she declared to be the divine law by which Jesus performed all his wonderful miracles, and she therefore called it Christian Science.

Mrs. Eddy is now the President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and she is recognized by all the devotees of the "science" as the patron goddess of the new religion. Mrs. Eddy believes herself to be the woman described in the Apocalypse: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, and a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

One of the ludicrous features of this system of faith is that it claims to be founded upon the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. Mrs. Eddy says: "The Scriptures are very sacred to me. * * * The Bible was my sole teacher, * * * Christian science draws its support from the Bible." And there are certain favorite passages which they are very fond of quoting, such as, "As a man thinketh so he is." But we shall see further on what their devotion to the Scriptures amount to. Their religious creed and the tenets of their philosophy will show how nearly they agree with the teachings of the Bible, and how far they differ therefrom.

GOD.

"God is defined as Infinite and Immortal Mind, the soul of man and the universe." (Eddy). "He includes all and is reflected by all that is real and eternal; and as God is the infinite and only mind, soul and spirit, he cannot be a person, but principle, outlining everything that really is, but never outlined himself" (Adams).

MAN.

"In science man is manifested in reflection of the perfect and immortal mind." (Eddy). "We teach that man was and is the idea of God, co-existent and eternal with the infinite mind." (Adams).

"The spiritual is the real man. He is not the weak, ignorant passion-slaver, sick and dying creature which passes in this world for a man. * * * This man of the senses, scientific Christianity declares to be not the soul, but only a reflection. * * * The body to the idealist, is the unreal shadow cast by the true man."

MATTER.

"God never created matter, for there is nothing in spirit out of which to make matter, but God made all that was made—hence matter never was made, and is a belief, a chimera, an error." (Eddy). "What we are wont to call the external world exists in the mind and nowhere else." (Marston.)

SIN AND DEATH.

"Sin and sinners are mythology. Death is real, and sin and sickness are real, only as beliefs." (Eddy.)

DISEASE.

"Disease is a thing of thought; fear is

the procurator of the thought which causes sickness and suffering. There is no sickness, sin, and death in the divine mind. What seems to be disease and mortality are illusions of the physical senses. These illusions are not real but unreal." (Eddy.)

"The real man is not diseased, cannot be, and knows nothing about it. What is called disease is one of the defects belonging to the realm of thought and its phenomena; and it is to the senses alone that man ever seems to be sick." (Marston.)

The foregoing are the tenets of Christian science bearing on the practical questions of life and godliness. And these are sufficient to show the character of the new enemy of Christianity which has so recently appeared upon the field with so bold a front, and with such religious pretensions, and in certain parts of the country is leading away so many unthinking and silly people. It is hardly necessary for me to add that the teaching of Christian science about God is a revival of the oldest form of pantheism, that everything is mind, and that mind is one; and that we are an emanation of mind or God, the soul of the universe.

It takes away, therefore, the personality of God. His personality vanishes in the soul of the universe, "in an unpalatable good."

It destroys human personality. Its teaching is, "There is no separate self." Man is simply an idea of God, a thought of God. Of course, then, if he has "no separate self," he has no personal responsibility, and it follows if he be not personally accountable, he can have no personal immortality.

Worship, then, is an absurdity. I have nothing to love, to fear, or to worship, for I am a part of the universal mind. And if I worship or pray, I have a right to worship myself or pray to myself.

The atonement of Christ goes for nothing, according to Christian science. A man gets rid of his sins by denying that he is a sinner. He can do no wrong, because he is a part of God. "All have sinned;" "The whole world lieth in wickedness;" "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" "If we confess our sins," etc.; "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," etc. All these and similar passages are meaningless, if Christian science be true.

What then is to be said of a system which denies the personality of God, human accountability, the existence of sin, the necessity of atonement, the vicarious death of Christ? Let the apostle Paul answer: "If any man, though an angel from heaven, preach another gospel, let him be accursed."

Now, I submit that the name of this new faith is a misnomer. It is neither Christian nor science, but it rather merits the title of pagan science, for it has come into notice during the past twenty years, chiefly through the study of Buddhism and the Indian Theosophists.

This paper is by no means exhaustive, but it is a mere outline of the teachings of Christian science, and I have written it with the hope that it may prove helpful to those who come in contact with this subtle and insidious foe of the Church. Christian scientists have already commenced their work in Nashville, and I think all good people should know who these divine healers are.—Nashville Methodist.

ALCOHOLIC CONSUMPTION IN FRANCE.

—Late returns issued by the Ministry of Finance indicate that the consumption of alcohol in France, which was larger in 1889 than ever it was before, continues to increase, the tax upon alcohol last year having produced £11,101,483, or nearly a million more than it did the year previous. This is equivalent to a consumption of 37,395,000 gallons of alcohol, and there was an increase of consumption in every department, excepting the Hautes-Pyrenees. The returns show that the consumption of spirituous liquors has very much increased in all the large towns, varying in different sections from one and a half to three gallons per head of the population. France is a wine country, and this exhibit is not encouraging for advocates of the "wine cure" for intemperance.

THE BIBLE.—I am fascinated with

the conciseness of the Bible. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double-barrelled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan tree, with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. The Bible was not made to sell; it was not presented merely for a trifling and temporary effect. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl-diver who could gather up one-half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.—Dr. Talmage.

Remember, a kiss is the most sacred expression of love which you can give to your mother, or your sister, or your dearest friend; and I tell you now what I know to be true, that really refined women, as they grow older, grow chary of scattering such gifts right and left to every acquaintance. After all, my message may be packed into that one word so expressive in its modern use, "Don't."—Christian Union.

Entire satisfaction and true tranquillity and buoyant joy will never be ours until the soul finds wings for flight—until it experiences energy of rapture in an Object which will fill it with infinitely purer and intenser joy than ever glowed in the heart of a poetic child in the dewy dawning of a spring morning. The early exhilaration in physical life is symbolic of the spirit's joy when it sees the rising of the Sun of Righteousness flushing all the horizons of an endless day.—S. S. Times.

The first petition that we are to make to Almighty God is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind, and then of body.

The man who never makes mistakes misses a good many splendid chances to learn something.

A church-member who is more at home at the theater or a card-party than at a prayer-meeting or in the councils of Christian workers gives little evidence of regeneration.—Words and Weapons.

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A Rich Brown

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CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: I have smelled salt water again this side of the continent. Much as I love Minnetonka, I must admit that for smelling, bathing, sailing, the big ponds are better. In company with General Nettleton, an old Oberlin friend, formerly business manager of the *Advance*, now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, I have been able to watch the working of the Government system of landing the emigrants near Castle Garden. The system is wittily epitomized by Brother Puddefoot, who says it reminds him of a sign he saw on some lowlands near Boston: "Clean dirt dumped here." Every day has its romances, weddings, greetings of lovers, reunions of parents, children, friends.

One's heart leaps at the thought of what golden opportunity this land offers to the honest yeomanry who come where diligence means success. My heart ached for some poor Russian Jew, broken and sick, who had to go back to be ground yet finer by Russian tyranny upon the nether mill stone of America's grim but just decision that she ought not and will not be made a dumping ground for foreign paupers.

It was good for me to kneel last week at the altar of my dear friend President Fairchild of Oberlin, where I first began to know what it was to be a King's child, it was an inspiration to patriotism to spend a Sabbath at Washington, and have a long, satisfying visit to the Cemetery of Patriots at Arlington. Something is the matter with the man's heart which does not come up into his throat when he passes from the glorious names carved in granite to the sepulcher of the unknown who gave their life for their country. Will there be any more interesting corner of the universe on the resurrection morning than this same glorious Arlington?

In Brooklyn I saw Beecher's magnificent monument in front of the same hall where, years before, I saw him stand before his tormentors as a noble stag meets curs. The "Jury of the vicinage," which Honorable William M. Everts declared was with his illustrious client, have welcomed with pride and enthusiasm this granite testimonial that the lover of his country and the friend of the slave was not untrue to his home in the heart of Brooklyn.

And now, dear Pacific Coast friends, though I am permitted to call myself the Secretary of the Congregational Union for you until I leave the country for a little while, my contract with the useful Society closed with the blessed lake service at Minnetonka, where vacation days practically completed one of the most commodious parsonages I ever saw. But this weekly pen-talk has become part of my life, and I am loath to give it up. No one has asked me to. Let me thank you for the welcome to a stranger that dark, rainy winter when my heart had gone under the lowering clouds but for the strength found at your altars. This last bright year has had no gripe of pain, but given perpetual pleasure in the ever-increasing satisfaction of helping the churches of Jesus Christ.

What I have asked officially I plead for as a brother, that every one of our churches on the Coast take one yearly offering and send to H. O. Pinneo, Treasurer, 59 Bible House, New York. If God should unite your hearts on any one to go on with the work, the New York brethren will, I doubt not, gladly commission him. But the funds do not justify their crowding the matter. Consider it in your fall Association, brethren. Save no place for me. I have plead with the office here to let the good work go on with the best available man. Grace to you and him from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ! By the goodness of God, and the providence of a sainted father, I seem nearing the realization of a long-planned journey around the world. Once I dreamed of a tiger's skin for my study floor, and of ornamenting Carleton College cabinet with a pair of elephant tusks. How our ideals change! Now I want to see the glory of the Saviour in the mission stations, to carry a word of cheer to my brethren, and to rejoice in the coming of the Kingdom.

This would not prevent my defending my family from a tiger in the jungle! If any grand mogul should tell me elephants were spilling corn in a missionary's garden, I'd ride a tame elephant with him to subdue them. Ruling passion is strong. But a fair Californian has my trout rod and an Oregon missionary my gun. I'm a chained man—in chains of love to my King. Had to say no this morning to an invitation to revive my boyhood's sport of crabbing in the New Jersey waters, and must walk the streets of New York telling of Southern California's opportunity to lift that dear Los Angeles church to the place of strength and helpfulness its love and devotion covet. Friends, it's safe to pray and plan for what President Bald-

win and Brethren Hutchins and McLean have on their hearts. Christians here have a far-away look when I tell them of California investments. Love will send tributes and supply long levers, but be not surprised if the great tug is left to the sunny land itself most interested. But next Thanksgiving will be the best day Pilgrim Southern Californians have ever seen. They have planned for it on Christian lines, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Praise his name! If my lines seem obscure, let me tell Christian readers, plainly, that the First church, Los Angeles, has voted to make a heroic go for its debt next Thanksgiving, and that President Baldwin and Dr. McLean, and every other kingdom-loving Pilgrim, are going to help. In the name of the saviour, you join the company! Foreign missions, home missions, city missions, Y. M. C. A., W. C. T. U., every branch of our Saviour's work, is interested. By faith I hear the shout of victory clear in Hong Kong, but I'll save my Thanksgiving turkey to eat when I get the message at Bombay.

NEW YORK. EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO GLASGOW. II.

BY J. E. EDDIE.

At Truckee, close to the Nevada State line and near the beautiful waters of Lake Tahoe, we stopped for breakfast. Thus far, air and earth are all that could be desired to make a journey pleasant; but as we descend the mountain slope the atmosphere becomes warmer, hotter, very hot.

We pass Reno, a thrifty little town in a very fertile valley, through which winds a mountain stream abounding with trout. At every place we stop are groups of Winnemucca Indians, painted, filthy, stolid. Some of the passengers with Kodaks tried to secure photographs of them. The children of the prairie, unlike society people among us, showed quite an aversion to this. "Get away with your picture-box," said an Indian to a young lady manipulating one of those instruments who beamed sweetly on him. He explained, however, that his heart would be softened and his prejudices overcome sufficiently for two dollars to induce him to sit for his picture. One Indian who could speak English quite intelligibly, who was dressed in American style and had his raven locks cropped short, stood in the midst of a group of passengers declaiming loudly against the white men. He exclaimed in bitter irony, "White man say to Injun, 'You work; you make squaw work? Why white man he no work? Why white man's squaw no work all the same? Injun he no drink whisky. If Injun drink whisky all same white man him's rations stopped, him's put in prison. Two sheriffs here. Them gets tight (drunk) every day, every day all same. Why Injun he no able get tight, all same white man?"

Until the cars rounded a curve in the road, we could see him with his face towards us, wildly gesticulating, and, no doubt, eloquently declaiming against those who inflicted such wrongs upon him. Like the Indian, we found it rather hard to understand why they should be denied the privilege accorded to white citizens, an even to government officials, to get intoxicated. It does not look like *equal rights*, yet the constitution declares that we are all born alike equal, and so it must be.

The air which was hot is now stifling. We lose sight of the stream and the trees and fields on its banks, and plunge off into a barren country—bare hills and valleys, with an occasional patch covered with salt. We are not left long in suspense as to our whereabouts; the news-agent announces that we are in the desert, and admonishes us to cool off on an iced soda water. From station to station there is little sign of human or animal life; and the only vegetation is a dwarf sage-bush, which is like the dress of some of the Indians, so scant that it is but a mere apology for covering the nakedness of the earth. In a long stretch of road the Lower Lake Carson, with the hills on its southern shore, is the only thing that breaks the monotony of the desert.

If it is so uncomfortable to rush through this weary land at all the speed the iron horse is capable of, in well-ventilated cars, with a plentiful supply of food and ice water, what must it have been to the pioneers who crossed the plains facing so many dangers, at the slow rate of an ox-team? Having passed through a small oasis, we are again on the desert—the Great American, or Salt Lake Desert. Darkness is falling, so we shall at least have the comfort of not seeing what we are passing through. As day breaks clear and bright, we can see Great Salt Lake stretching away to the south in the dim distance, and all round the cold, gray hills, standing as if guarding some sol-

emn trust. The railroad skirts the northern shore of the lake, running through large tracts covered with salt, which were once covered with water. There are many indications of a continual subsidence of the water; some day it may be all desert and no lake.

We reached Ogden thirty-six hours after leaving San Francisco. This beautiful little city is located at the northern end of Salt Lake Valley, and nestles at the foot of snow-clad peaks. We rode round the town in a car pulled by a pair of refractory, lazy mules. The driver, who talked very agreeably, except when he spoke to the mules, which required a particular language to make them understand, pointed out an electric railroad in course of construction, which is soon to supersede the mule-power. He informed us that he drove the mules because the Mormons would give him nothing else to do; of this we were fully convinced before we finished our ride.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The authorities of the Post Office department have been, to use a commercial phrase, engaged in "taking stock" as to the effect produced by the anti-lottery law during the first year of its existence, and they say that the result is a satisfactory one. Inspector Maynard, who has had special charge of all cases coming under this law, reports that the use of the mails has been practically abandoned by the lottery organizations, with a consequent reduction in their business of from one-half to two-thirds. He also reports that he has succeeded in making strong cases against the presidents of both the Louisiana and Mexican lottery companies for violations of the new law, and he has no doubt of the conviction of both of them when the cases come to trial; all of which is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Mr. Maynard says that the lotteries are still doing a lucrative business through the express companies. Now, what is wanted is some legal means of stopping that. Some time ago it was stated that the legal advisers of the Post Office department were engaged on this very question, and from the fact that the traffic is still carried on with the knowledge of the postal authorities it is evident that they failed to find any law to cover the case. If that be true a carefully drawn bill should be prepared, which will leave no loophole for those who carry this nefarious business, and be pushed through Congress as soon as that body meets.

Sec'y Rusk has received a letter from a Chicago gentleman suggesting that Prof. Dyrenforth experiment this winter with the same apparatus that he is now using to produce rain, with a view to ascertaining if an artificial fog created, by explosions, will prevent the ravages of frost. The writer of the letter is confident that it will. No experiments can be made unless they are authorized by Congress, and the money appropriated to pay for them. The fact is not generally known, but it is true, that Secretary Rusk has really nothing to do with the rain-making experiments now being made in Texas. They are being made under a special act of Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 7, 1891.

A CONGREGATIONAL ENTERPRISE FOR HONDURAS.—In compensation for valuable public improvements, the Republic of Honduras has recently granted to the Honduras Company a tract of land sixty by one hundred miles in extent. The improvements required have opened to settlement, cultivation, and commerce a region of which the United States Consul, in his last report made to the Department of State, says: "It is the most healthy and fertile part of Honduras." To assist in the establishment of a Congregational church and academy, and so to secure the organization of a colony of Congregationalists, the company has offered to give one hundred hectares—two hundred and fifty acres—of land, to be chosen anywhere in its grant. These lands produce abundant crops of bananas, oranges, and other tropical fruits. Many colonies from the United States are settling on the lands, and it is believed that a Congregational church, with its traditional institutions, the church and the academy, may find an inviting field among these new communities. Rev. W. E. Dawson has undertaken to organize the colony and to take the other steps necessary to secure this valuable donation. He expects to go to Honduras in November. Till that time any who wish to learn more of the enterprise can address him at 419 East Twenty-eighth street, Tacoma, Wash.

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The startling fact is shown by reports of the Massachusetts Commissioners of Prisons that during the last fifty years, while the population of the State has only trebled, the number of criminals has increased fifty fold. There is one prisoner to every 400 in the State, and in Boston one to every 222 inhabitants. This large proportion, however, includes re-commitments. These facts are interpreted by Mr. William F. Andrews, for many years clerk of the Criminal Court at Salem, Mass., as evidence that the "reformatory" conduct of prisons has caused an alarming increase of crime, and that the substitution of reformatory for punitive treatment is fast bringing us to State socialism through the attractiveness of prison life. Mr. Andrews will contribute an article to the October *Forum*, containing the results of many years' observation of the working of the two systems.

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